

The Nation

VOL. XL.—NO. 1038.

THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1885.

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The Nation.

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1885.

to elect directors, to decide upon a corporate name and to do all things necessary and proper to reorganize said company, agreeably to the provisions of said agreement and the laws of Ohio.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1885.

The Week.

MR. VILAS has sent a circular out to the Democratic members of Congress from Ohio, Indiana, and Virginia, touching the removal of those postmasters who hold office under his appointment. There are about 49,000 of them, and their salaries range all the way from \$1 up to \$1,000. They are all or almost all Republicans, and a considerable number of them "offensive partisans." The Postmaster-General thinks, and most people will agree with him, that their all being Republicans is a gross abuse, and all politicians are of opinion that country postmasters are very valuable electioneering agents for the party to which they belong. This all means, of course, that the 49,000 stand greatly in need of reform. In what manner they should be reformed—that is, in what manner they should be weeded out, so as to divide the post-offices among members of both parties with some degree of fairness—it is very difficult to say. The Postmaster-General has considered it a good deal. We take it for granted that he has no such thing as a "clean sweep" in his mind—that is, he does not contemplate doing away with a gross Republican abuse for the purpose of putting a Democratic abuse in its place. The circular in question simply intimates his intention to go to work now, and as soon as possible remove "the offensive partisans" in every Congressional district, and asks the members of Congress to assist him in singling them out and filling their places with Democrats.

There are, it seems to us, two mistakes in the circular. One is in marking it "Confidential." It is absurd to suppose that a document of this kind, touching an important piece of public business all over the country, could be kept private. Accordingly it is in all the newspapers a fortnight after its date. Moreover, marking it "Confidential" made it look as if there was something in it which it was desirable to conceal, which is not true. There is nothing in it which ought not to be known far and wide. The views of the Postmaster-General concerning the manner in which he means to rid the service of offensive Republican partisans and fill their places, deserve the widest publicity. It is a process which ought to be performed under everybody's eye, and which everybody ought to understand. The second mistake is sending the circular to members of Congress, and supposing that any efficient aid in any process of purification can be obtained from them, or any trustworthy advice touching the merits of local office-holders. As a rule, they are the very worst counsellors an appointing officer can have, because ninety out of every hundred of them are far more interested in building up some kind of local machine of their own than in making an efficient service. Mr. Vilas has called on them to furnish proof of partisanship against local postmasters, such as the active editorship or proprietorship

of a party newspaper, stump speaking, or "work" in campaigns, or the use of the post-office as a political headquarters. These are all good reasons for removal, and possibly Mr. Vilas may get them in a trustworthy shape from Senators and Representatives, but the notion that these will recommend substitutes who will not be partisan, or who have special fitness for the office, will, we think, be found chimerical. Moreover, this formal and systematic handing over of the post-offices to the members of Congress will, we fear, strengthen and spread that popular belief in the superiority of "influence" over all other agencies in getting public offices, which is the greatest difficulty with which any reforming Administration has to contend.

The President has set an excellent standard for Southern appointments in his selection of a Postmaster at Richmond, Va. Three active Democratic politicians organized campaigns for the capture of this office in the usual way, with delegations to push their claims. Mr. Cleveland gave them a hearing, and then appointed another man who, while a good Democrat, has never been a professional politician, but who was heartily endorsed by the larger portion of the business men on the ground of his superior fitness. Of course there can be no question that the public interests will be better subserved by the choice of such a man than by giving the place to a mere spoils-seeker. There is as little question that the advantage of the Democratic party is equally consulted. The preference of any one of the three politicians over the other two would inevitably have created dissensions, while all hands are prepared to accept a first-class outsider as a happy compromise. There are abundant signs that many Southern Democrats have mastered this lesson. Representative newspapers frankly say, to quote the *Wilmington (N. C.) Star*, that "the South does not desire or ask that Democratic partisans who will make their offices political machines shall be put in power"; or, as the *Savannah (Ga.) News* puts it, "We do not want extreme partisans in the offices." It is rather odd that the Bourbons who champion the spoils theory of politics should be more numerous among Northern than among Southern Democrats; but the evidence seems conclusive that "the New South" is ready to embrace the new theory of politics.

There could not be a more impressive proof of the growing strength of civil-service reform than the action of the Democratic party in Ohio regarding appointments to State offices during the past year. The Legislature which recently adjourned has been severely criticised for sundry of its acts. Indeed, there seems reason to believe that it has incurred a somewhat worse reputation than it really deserves. However this may be, there is no doubt about its having been a representative Democratic body, and as little about its having no special fondness for reform doctrines. Yet the upper branch of this Le-

gisature, in which the Democrats had more than a three-fifths majority, unanimously approved the appointment by Governor Hoadly of an excellent man as State Geologist, despite the fact that he was a Blaine Republican, as well as the selection of a Mugwump for State Librarian. Moreover, the Governor has adhered from the beginning of his Administration to the policy of giving the Republicans two out of five members of every board of officials which he has appointed, and he has done this with the approval of his party. There is perhaps no State where both parties have been so slow to recognize the public demand for a business-like conduct of the Government as in Ohio, and the late Legislature showed its lack of sympathy with this reform by making Mr. Pendleton's connection with the movement a chief reason for refusing him a reelection to the Senate. Yet so strong is the force of public opinion, that this body has been constrained to support a liberal-minded Democratic Governor in making appointments based upon non-partisan principles of administration.

The *Tribune* of Sunday gave publication to a very remarkable theory for the great popularity of the "war papers" which have been running for several months in the *Century* magazine. It is that Mr. Cleveland and his Cabinet have been "fanning the flame of excitement" by their appointments, the reappearance of so many Rebel brigadiers at the front arousing the old Union sentiment to a very high pitch. "The feeling excited by their acts," says the *Tribune*, "has had this effect, and the *Century* has had the greatest benefit from their blunders. Perhaps next autumn we shall see how much benefit the Republican party has received." The profound wisdom of these observations becomes apparent when it is remembered that more than half the war articles in the *Century* have been written by ex-Confederates, and that a large part of the increased circulation which they have secured for the magazine is in the Southern States. If the President and his Cabinet are "fanning the old Union flame" in this way, they are doing a great and patriotic thing; but we do not see how it is going to benefit the Republican party next autumn—that is, the *Tribune's* variety of Republican party.

Scarcely a week passes which does not bring some new sign of a growing liberality of feeling among Southern whites in their attitude toward the blacks. The fact that a colored bishop of the Methodist Church delivered a sermon in the white Methodist church in Minden, La., on Sunday, which "was pronounced an excellent one by all," is such a sign, for it is only a few years since white men in Louisiana would indignantly have refused to sit under the ministrations of a "nigger." A more important manifestation of broader views was the action of the Episcopal Diocesan Convention at Columbia, S. C., last week. When this body met, two colored clergymen, who have been well educated and are successfully engaged in

church work in the State, took seats. Some old fogies among the laity promptly objected to their presence, and insisted that the term "clergyman," as used in the Constitution of the body, does not cover a man with a black skin. As one typical Bourbon put it, "the question was whether this was a white man's convention or not." After an exhaustive discussion, which covered the better part of two days, the negroes were allowed to retain their seats. This is the first time that black men have been admitted to such a convention in South Carolina, and their admission marks a distinct advance in public sentiment. It is worthy of note that the growth of more liberal views regarding the social treatment of the negro was never before so rapid as it has been since the Civil Rights Bill was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. The attempt to enforce social equality by law was a dismal failure, which it is now easy to see postponed, instead of hastening, the day when an educated public sentiment would secure fair treatment for the black man.

The meeting of the National Commercial Convention at Atlanta this week is noteworthy for the fact that such a gathering is held in a Southern city. Nothing can do more to promote a general acceptance of sound business principles than such discussions as are announced for this convention by representative men from all parts of the country. There is still too strong a tendency toward the maintenance of sectional lines in what are essentially non-political matters. For example, Southern men, as a rule, oppose a national bankrupt law, while the North—or, at least, the eastern portion of the North—favors such a system. Much of the Southern opposition grows out of ignorance, prejudice, and provincialism, arising from the somewhat isolated attitude which the South has long occupied. No better way to secure the acceptance of progressive policies could be devised than the meeting of business men from both North and South in a Southern city, and a frank interchange of views upon subjects like the question of a bankruptcy law and the continued coinage of silver, regarding which they disagree. Atlanta is the ideal spot for such a convention, since it is beyond question the most enterprising place in the whole South.

The tide of immigration continues to ebb. The arrivals at the chief ports during the ten months ending with April aggregate but 275,468, as against 371,625 during the ten months ending with April, 1884. At this rate the total for the fiscal year which closes on June 30 will be only about 385,000, or scarcely half the aggregate for the twelvemonth ending with June, 1882. The influence of business prosperity and depression is always plainly visible in the statistics of immigration. During the flush times which followed the war, the total kept rising until it had reached 459,803 in the year ending on June 30, 1873. The panic arrested this movement, and the aggregate kept sinking year by year until it had fallen to only 138,469 in the fiscal year of 1878. As business improved, the pendulum began swinging the other way, and this time it went further than ever before, the number of immigrants dur-

ing the twelve months which closed with June, 1882, reaching the enormous total of 788,992. From this lofty mark it fell in the next year to 603,322, and in the following one to 518,592, with the prospect of coming this year well within 400,000. So vast, however, has been the influx during the five years since the last national census that, even if the growth of the country by immigration during the remaining half of the decade should be very slight, the increase of our population from this source between 1880 and 1890 will still be larger than for the previous ten years.

That a marked change has come over the drinking habits of the American people during the past generation, no observant person who has passed middle life is likely to deny, but few people have any just conception of the transformation which has been effected. Some statistics recently published put the thing in a nutshell. In 1860 the United States contained, in round numbers, 31,000,000 people, who consumed over 86,000,000 gallons of spirituous liquors, while in 1884, with a population of 55,000,000, the manufacture and excess of imports over exports were only 73,000,000 gallons—that is to say, while the number of people in the country has increased more than 75 per cent. since 1860, they use 15 per cent. less of spirits. On the other hand, the consumption of malt liquors has risen from 100,000,000 gallons in 1860 to 590,000,000 gallons last year, and that of native wines from 1,800,000 gallons to over 17,000,000 gallons. It should be explained that the amount of spirits manufactured last year fell much below the average, by reason of previous overproduction of whiskey and the consequent depression in the trade. But even if the figures of manufacture during the years of such overproduction, when 20,000,000 gallons more were distilled than in 1884, with a reasonable allowance for illicit production, be taken as the rate of consumption, they still leave the proportion to each person far below what it was twenty-five years ago. The substitution of the lighter for the heavier drinks which these figures demonstrate to have been made during the past quarter of a century, is a social fact of great significance.

The absurdity of our present diplomatic system could not be more forcibly illustrated than in the experience which the State Department is having with an Indiana politician. B. W. Hanna is a typical Western Democrat of the old school, who is well versed in the art of running caucuses and fixing conventions, but is wholly provincial in all his ways. He is the sort of man to applaud heartily the famous inquiry which Stanley Matthews propounded in a speech on the silver question a few years ago: "What have we to do with abroad?" and belongs to a class whose narrow vision and lack of cosmopolitan ideas peculiarly disqualify them for efficiently representing this Government in a foreign land. But Mr. Hanna concluded that he would stand a better chance for getting an office outside this country than at home, and so put in an early application for a place in the foreign service. His original demand reached as high as

the important Mexican mission, but his first, his second, and his third choices went to other applicants. Finally the Administration offered the persistent Hoosier the position of United States representative at Teheran. This office is now creditably filled by one of the very few men in the Western world who have made a thorough study of Persia, Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, and there was something very ludicrous about the notion of sending as his successor a wild Western politician, who had but the vaguest idea in what part of the globe Teheran is. However, Hanna consulted atlases, studied gazetteers, and investigated routes and cost of travel, with the result of finding that he could not possibly take his wife and children over there and support them on the salary. So he has applied for a change from Persia to the Argentine Republic, the latter country being more easily reached, and the salary of the Minister at Buenos Ayres being \$2,500 a year more. Hanna knows no more about the Argentine Republic than he does about Persia, and is the last man whom an enterprising American business firm desiring to cultivate closer relations with a South American country would send thither. It will not be strange if he gets the place—there are plenty of precedents in past Administrations for such appointments—but the fact that such persons are likely to be sent to Persia or South America shows what a farce our diplomatic system has become.

Our old friend, the Tory Squire, who writes to the *Tribune* from London, is much troubled by one of those things which now most occupy his "mind," namely, "the order of diplomatic precedence." The Squire himself doubtless suffers a good deal at the great houses at which he is occasionally allowed to eat, by what he calls "an uninterrupted view of the backs" of his fellow-guests when going in to dinner. That is, he is doubtless almost always the last man allowed to enter the dining-room at English dinner parties, or, as he also expresses it, he "forms the bob to the kite." This does not wound him, perhaps, but it makes him envy people who take precedence of him, and long to be able himself to take precedence of somebody, when John Thomas announces dinner, and makes him awfully sorry for anybody who is likely to be no better off when he comes to London than he is himself. He accordingly put into his letter on Sunday half a column of lamentation over the condition in which Mr. Phelps will find himself in London in the matter of precedence. He says that Mr. Phelps will be "entitled to an uninterrupted view of the backs of twenty-three ministers and seven ambassadors at court and elsewhere. When he calls upon Lord Granville at the Foreign Office seven ambassadors and twenty-three ministers will have the right to go in before him." This scene of horror, however, we must remind the Squire, as a matter of fact, will never be witnessed. The seven ambassadors and twenty-three ministers will never collect at the Foreign Office on the same day and hour, just to show Mr. Phelps their "backs." Most of the ministers never have any business to transact with the Foreign Office, and Mr. Phelps can always get

rid of the others by asking for an appointment. Consequently we do not think it would be worth while, as the Squire suggests, to make Mr. Phelps a full ambassador, or, as he expresses it in his fine language, "to enlarge the legation into an embassy." It might make the Squire's tittle-tattle seem a little more valuable if he picked it up at the "American Embassy" than when, as now, he picked it up at a plain "Legation," but he must not expect legislation to dignify his calling.

The truth is, that no inconvenience has ever resulted from the failure to make ambassadors of our foreign envoys. The distinction between ambassadors and ministers-resident established by the Congress of Vienna is a ridiculous one, which ought to be abolished, as a great deal of the old frippery in the way of display which used to surround ambassadors has been abolished. It means nothing except that the ambassador is supposed to represent in a greater degree than the Minister "the person of his sovereign." But there is no reason why he should. Each is a diplomatic agent sent abroad to transact any business that may come up between the nation he represents and the one to which he is accredited, and this is a business age. What the United States ought to insist on, if the matter be worth taking up at all, is the substitution of a real distinction between ministers, based on the rank of the nations they represent, for the present one between ambassadors and ministers. The European Powers recognize this distinction at all conferences and congresses, by admitting delegates only from the "great Powers"—that is, by deciding that nations rank according to their wealth and population. Americans abroad, who are in pursuit of "society" at European capitals, no doubt are often pained at seeing their Minister in a secondary position at court dinners and receptions; but the Squire's remedy is not the true one.

The *World* knows its own affairs best, and probably finds that the manful stand it now makes against aristocracy on this continent, in all forms, is a remunerative business. But the boldest democrat of us all lives under the general law of humanity, that you must never be ignorant or silly when you can help it. Of this great law the *World's* comment on Mr. Lowell's dining at Windsor by "the Queen's command" is a distinct violation. It holds that when he received "the Queen's command," he ought to have behaved like a common blackguard, by sending her word that he had no "commands" to receive from the likes of her, and have left her "to put somebody else before his plate." The term "command," we beg to inform the *World*, is the name the English give to a royal invitation, just as "her Majesty" is the name they give to the Queen's person, about which there is no more "majesty" than about that of any other well-bred and elderly widow. But a royal invitation to dinner is not a command in form. It is an invitation which the Lord Chamberlain or Comptroller of the Household says he is "commanded" to send, and such as any gentleman receives from a friend. These things are perhaps hardly worth know-

ing by democrats in general, but it is the duty of every democrat who proposes to write blatherskite about them in the newspapers to get himself up in them.

Censuses taken by the police are never to be implicitly accepted, and the enumeration of the District of Columbia just made through this agency may very likely stretch the facts a little in placing the total number of inhabitants at about 204,000. At the same time this does not involve a more rapid rate of growth since 1880 than that which held during the previous ten years, so that there is nothing improbable in the figures reported. No city in the country has undergone a more complete transformation during the last quarter of a century than the national capital. In 1860 it had only 75,000 people, and was nothing but a straggling, unkempt, overgrown village. In 1885 its population exceeds 200,000, and it has become a beautiful, well-kept city, with the promise of constantly developing fresh attractions in the future. Its agreeable climate draws each year a larger number of winter residents, and people of leisure find it growing all the while more pleasant as a place for spending the cooler months. As the city increases, the wisdom and beauty of the elaborate plan upon which it was laid out become manifest, and admiration grows for the mind which, amid the struggling beginnings of a new government, could devise the scheme of a capital which should forever be worthy of a great nation. Time was when people used to talk about a removal of the seat of government to some other place; but that day has gone by.

The revised version of the Old Testament, which has just been published in London, has not been awaited by the religious world with any such eager interest as that which attended the appearance of the new version of the remainder of the Bible four years ago. A mild curiosity has been felt as to the character of the changes which the revisers would introduce in the common version, and the summary which is cabled justifies this attitude. Such a summary, of course, furnishes no basis for careful criticism. The impression which it makes is, that the revisers have done their work with a proper respect for the great achievement of those men who nearly three centuries ago made a translation which has stood the test of time better than any other like literary achievement. Some familiar passages take on a new face. "Thou shalt not kill" is transformed into "Thou shalt do no murder"; the oft-quoted desire of Job, "that mine adversary had written a book," conveys a very different idea when made to read, "that I had the indictment which my adversary hath written"; while the expression "vanity and vexation of spirit" loses its old significance when changed to "vanity and a striving after wind." The "friends of eternal punishment," as somebody has described the champions of the Calvinistic theology, will hardly relish the replacing of "hell" by "sheol," "the grave," and "the pit." The form of arrangement has been much changed and distinctly improved, by a more rational division into paragraphs; by the use, when desirable, of the dialogue form, and by

the printing of the Psalms and kindred portions of the volume in poetical form.

The capture of Riel by General Middleton puts an end to the Northwest rebellion. There may be a little further trouble with the Indians, but it will be easily overcome. They have not joined the revolt in large numbers, the greater portion of them having remained quietly on their reserves, resisting all appeals from Riel to make an alliance with him. What the Government should do with its prisoner will be a perplexing problem. He himself said only a short time ago that if the Government caught him this time they would not let him go alive, as they did after his former rebellion; but it is difficult to see what could be gained by executing him. His life would be no recompense for the loss of the lives of the brave Canadian militiamen whom his followers have shot, and the taking of it would so infuriate the already hostile French Canadian element that a serious internal trouble might be precipitated in the Dominion. At the same time, it will be useless to banish Riel, for he can get back into the Northwest territory without the slightest difficulty whenever he chooses.

Alexander Karageorgevitch, the ex-Prince of Serbia, is dead, and his son Peter, as Hungarian papers report, has gone to St. Petersburg to seek support for his claims to the now royal throne of that country. There is no doubt that the Czar would prefer having a Karageorgevitch on that throne to the present occupant, King Milan, of the House of Obrenovitch, though Russian intrigues were active in causing the deposition and banishment of Prince Alexander in 1888, and Russian military aid raised Milan to the degree of power which enabled him to assume in 1882 the title of King. Russia has almost always been on the side of the pretending party, as against the one in possession, in the perennial feuds between the two dynastic houses of Serbia, both of which owe their elevation to liberators of the country from the Turkish yoke—the one to Kara (or Czerny) George, and the other to Milosh Obrenovitch; for the holders of power have almost always been driven by the pressure of circumstances to lean upon their neighbor, Austria. Moreover, none has done so more unreservedly than Milan Obrenovitch, though far from owing any patriotic gratitude to the rulers of Austria-Hungary. Prince Peter is, besides, the son-in-law of the Prince of Montenegro, Russia's staunchest ally in the Balkan Peninsula. In spite of all this, the claimant of the House of Karageorge has very slim chances of being effectively encouraged at St. Petersburg, for Serbia occupies now in the Balkan Peninsula, diplomatically, between Russia and Austria-Hungary, the same position which was assigned some years ago to Afghanistan, in Asia, between Russia and Great Britain—that is to say, she has been practically acknowledged to be outside of Russia's sphere of political influence. And as Austria-Hungary is backed by all the diplomatic potency of Bismarck, the Czar and his advisers will be more careful not to infringe upon the *modus vivendi* established there than they show themselves in regard to the arrangements concerning Afghanistan.

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

[WEDNESDAY, May 13, to TUESDAY, May 19, 1885, inclusive.]

DOMESTIC.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND on Wednesday appointed Ferdinand F. Dufais, of New York, to be United States Consul at Havre.

Several days ago a delegation from the Order of Good Templars of the District of Columbia left with President Cleveland a written address, urging him to make diligent inquiry into the personal habits and associations of the persons he should appoint to offices in the District, and to see that the statutes enacted for the government of the District, especially those relating to the regulation of the liquor traffic and the suppression of intemperance, be properly enforced. In reply to the address the President writes: "I read your address late last night with great interest. It is something tangible, and if all men would come to me as you have, my labor would be greatly lessened. The temperance people are good people and friends of law and order. Before I left New York I determined to give the District a good government, but there are so many conflicting claims that I am sometimes at a loss to know what to do; but you come with clear statements, of which I will take further notice."

S. S. Cox has finally decided to go to Turkey as United States Minister. President Cleveland on Thursday told a New York delegation that "the more resolutions you pass calling Mr. Cox a good man, the more I will hold on to him."

Admiral Jouett informed the Navy Department from Panama on Monday that, the rebels having been forced to retreat from Carthagena, Barranquilla is the only point on the Colombian coast where they now hold possession.

William R. Morrison, the Democratic caucus nominee, withdrew from the Illinois Senatorship contest on Thursday, after receiving the full vote of his party (101) on several ballots. The long deadlock in the Illinois Legislature was accordingly broken on Tuesday, when John A. Logan was elected, receiving the full Republican vote (103), a majority of the joint session.

Governor Hill on Wednesday sent a message to the State Legislature, recommending the passage of a bill to hasten the legal proceedings in cases where the death penalty is involved. Under the present law, intervals of one or two years between conviction and punishment are the rule and not the exception. The law recommended by Governor Hill makes an appeal direct from the Court of Oyer and Terminer to the Court of Appeals when judgment is death. The judgment roll and stenographer's minutes are made a case and exceptions, and the expense of printing is made a county charge. The Legislature, however, failed to pass the bill.

The last days of the Legislature at Albany were marked by the usual haste and inconsiderate action. On Wednesday the Senate passed the Arcade Railroad Bill. The Assembly on Thursday passed the bill limiting the height of buildings in New York city to seventy-five feet. The Supplemental Niagara Park Bill was also passed.

The Assembly on Thursday afternoon passed a bill fixing the Dock Commissioners' salary at \$5,000, and their term at six years. The Underground Telegraph Bill was passed, so amended as to give to the Mayor, Comptroller, and Superintendent of Public Works the power of appointing the three commissioners who are to superintend the laying of the wires underground.

Friday was the closing day of the session. In the confusion of the last hours the Assembly passed the Brooklyn Bridge Extension and the Broadway Arcade Underground Railroad bills. The Senate also passed the Brooklyn Bridge Bill. An unsuccessful attempt was made to pass a State census bill. Both houses

adjourned at noon with the usual ceremonies. Before the members had left the Capitol, a proclamation from Governor Hill was read calling an extra session of the Legislature to meet at 4 P. M. on that day, May 15, to consider such legislation as was necessary to carry into effect the provision of the Constitution providing for a State census.

When the Legislature met in extra session Governor Hill sent in a brief message saying: "The Constitution does not require a census; it does require an enumeration of the inhabitants. The bill providing for such an enumeration can be perfected and passed in a few hours if the Legislature is so disposed." In the Senate Mr. Jacobs introduced his bill providing for an enumeration, and it was ordered printed. The Assembly adjourned after adopting rules.

Twenty-seven boomers' wagons, each partly loaded with Indian supplies from Arkansas City, have gone into the Indian Territory, delivered their goods, and then moved on into the Oklahoma district, where they have located claims and begun farming operations. The boomers are exultant, and boast that they have outwitted the authorities. They number about fifty. A tornado struck the boomers' camp on Friday night and did great damage.

Judge Van Brunt, in the Court of Oyer and Terminer on Friday, gave his decision in the case of Harvey M. Munsell. He ordered that the juror should go to the county jail for thirty days and be fined \$250, for contempt of court in going to the office of O'Donovan Rossa during the progress of the Short-Phelan trial.

Mr. Munsell was brought before the General Term of the Supreme Court on Tuesday on a writ of habeas corpus. Decision was reserved.

The appraisers of the late Wendell Phillips's estate report its value at \$8,362.05. It includes 45,000 shares of mining stock, now almost worthless, which had cost him a large amount.

Commodore Jonathan Young, Commandant of the New London, Conn., Navy-yard, died in New London on Sunday, aged fifty-eight years. He went around the world in the *Columbus* in 1845-6, and forced an entrance into Yeddo, Japan, to deliver a letter from the President to the Emperor. He took an active part in the war of the Rebellion, and in 1867 was recommended for promotion by the Board of Admirals on account of gallant and meritorious service.

Mr. Charles Welford, of the book-importing firm of Scribner & Welford, died in London on Monday at the age of seventy. He has represented the English interests of the firm since 1865. His literary judgment and knowledge were remarkable.

FOREIGN.

The Consolidated Fund Bill (the \$55,000,000 credit) passed its third reading in the House of Commons on Wednesday afternoon.

Earl Kimberley, Secretary for India, has announced in the House of Lords that a plan has been officially sanctioned, involving an outlay of five millions, for railways and military roads, including a line to Quetta, for the defence of India.

The House of Commons on Thursday voted an annuity of £6,000 to Princess Beatrice in view of her approaching marriage.

It was reported in London on Thursday that Russia, though not formally rejecting the Afghan agreement, had demanded a reconsideration. M. de Giers wanted the boundary line fixed at the entrance to Zulfikar Pass, and to include Andkhui, and he agreed to sign the convention when the details were settled. Much irritation was felt over this in the British Foreign Office, but the rectification demanded was not considered of sufficient importance to lead to a rupture of the negotiations.

The British Cabinet have agreed on a new Coercion Act for Ireland. It involves the abandonment of the clauses empowering the suppression of meetings, the censorship of the

press, the search of domicile, and the trial by judges without a jury. What will be retained of the old Crimes Act will be the power to change the venue of trials and to appoint special juries in certain cases; also, the right of examination and investigation in criminal cases wherein no persons are charged. This decision was reached after much discussion. A majority of the Cabinet was opposed to any renewal of the act, but Spencer and Harcourt compelled the present compromise by a threat to resign. Chamberlain and Childers headed the opposition to any renewal, Mr. Gladstone supporting their view.

Mr. Gladstone announced on Friday that the Government intended to deal during the present session with the Scotch Crofters' Bill, the Scottish Secretary Bill, and the Irish Crimes Act. He said he regretted that during the present session it would be impossible to deal with the Local Government of Ireland Bill and the bill relating to the purchase of land in Ireland. Referring to the Crimes Act, he said he would state, without entering into details, that the Government intended to embody various provisions in that act which they deemed to be both valuable and equitable. It is feared that the Cabinet may be beaten on the Crimes Act by a coalition of Radicals, Parnellites, and those of the Conservatives who follow the lead of Lord Randolph Churchill.

The Scotch Crofters' Bill, introduced in the House of Commons on Monday night, provides for security of tenure, means for the fixing of rent by agreement or by an official valuer, liberal compensation for improvements, and public loans for stocking holdings.

The House of Commons on Monday night entered into Committee of Supply on a vote of £3,360,500 on account of the vote of credit. Lord Randolph Churchill moved a reduction of £2,000,000 for the purpose of calling attention to Saturday's Blue Book on the Panjdeh incident. He said that the indignation aroused by a perusal of the despatches was not confined to the Tory party, but was shared by the country at large, and even by the Liberal newspapers. Lord Randolph maintained that M. de Giers had said nothing to justify Mr. Gladstone's statement in Parliament that it had been agreed that no further advance should be made on either side. Mr. Gladstone's reply was delivered amid continuous noisy Conservative interruptions. He stopped for several minutes, and in a breaking voice said that this new kind of political warfare was of little consequence to him whose personal presence was a matter of weeks rather than months. Lord Randolph's motion was rejected by 74 to 11.

The final instalment of the Granville-Giers despatches on the Afghan dispute will be issued during the Whitsuntide recess of Parliament. The Conservatives will postpone Parliamentary action until all the papers are presented. When Parliament reassembles, the Conservatives will move another vote of censure on the Government. This debate will be the last party demonstration before the final dissolution of Parliament.

The St. Petersburg *Official Messenger* on Friday published a report from General Komaroff to the effect that the Saryks are opposed to the new frontier line proposed by Lessar, claiming that it is an infringement upon their rights, and gives the best land in the disputed territory to the Afghans. A council of ministers was held, and it was decided to support the claims of the Saryks.

It is authoritatively stated in London that Russia demands Merutchak and Zulfikar Pass, the possession of which points the Amir considers vital to the integrity of the Afghan frontier. The *Morning Post* on Tuesday asserted that Lord Dufferin had written an alarming letter describing the disastrous effects in India of England's yielding to Russia.

In the House of Commons on Monday afternoon Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, Under Foreign Secretary, announced that the negotiations which had been carried on with Spain for a

commercial treaty had terminated unsatisfactorily. The Government could only consider the recent action of Spain as a refusal to fulfil the fundamental conclusions of the declaration of the 21st of December, 1884, and Sir R. D. Morier, the British Minister to Madrid, had, therefore, been instructed to inform Spain that under the circumstances the negotiations were at an end. The object of the negotiations was to obtain for England the most-favored-nation treatment.

A riot occurred around the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square, London, on Wednesday afternoon. Ten thousand men had assembled to protest against the Government's proposal to increase the duties on spirits and beer. The crowd was very unruly, and the police found themselves unable to maintain order. The orators of the day attempted to speak from the monument, but could not be heard on account of the uproar. The police intervened to secure order, but were finally obliged, with the promoters of the meeting, to retire, leaving the crowd singing in triumph "Rule Britannia." About 9 o'clock the police, largely reinforced, charged the mob a number of times and made several arrests.

There is considerable indignation in Egypt over the proposed withdrawal of the British troops from the Sudan.

Negotiations are proceeding with Turkey for the latter's occupation of Suakim and the Sudan on the following basis: The Porte engages to assist in suppressing the slave trade and in developing external commercial relations. Besides the formal proposals made through Fehmi Pasha, if the Porte accepts, an English company will obtain the option of securing a concession to construct a railway to Berber, and will receive other trading rights. Earl Granville is also negotiating with the Italian Government concerning an alternative scheme for the occupation of the Red Sea littoral in the event of a failure to come to an agreement with the Porte.

General Wolseley has issued a farewell address in which he announces the withdrawal of the British troops from the Sudan, and highly praises the conduct of all the departments of the service during the campaign. Senaar has been cleared of rebels, and all reports show that El Mahdi is in the greatest straits.

Mr. John Bright, in answer to a letter from an American friend asking if England would return to the policy of protection, writes as follows: "Not until the United States return to slavery. England's present danger is in its foreign policy. The Tories and Liberals are equally blamable for the lunatic policy of adding millions to the military expenses of the nation while trade is depressed and the poor are badly housed."

Mr. Lowell and Mr. Phelps visited Windsor by special train on Tuesday. Mr. Lowell presented his letters of recall, and introduced his successor to the Queen.

Mr. Merritt, the retiring United States Consul-General at London, gave a farewell dinner on Thursday evening, welcoming his successor, Mr. Waller. Mr. Lowell and suite, Mr. Seligman, Bret Harte, and other Americans, together with numerous well-known commercial and literary gentlemen, were present. Mr. Lowell in his speech made a complimentary reference to President Cleveland. He urged all Americans to regard all Presidents as national, not as Presidents of any party.

Cunningham and Burton, the London dynamiters implicated in the Tower explosion, were found guilty on Monday. They were sentenced to penal servitude for life.

Pettit, the American, defeated Lambert, the Englishman, in a series of court-tennis games, for the international championship at Hampton Court, London. The playing ended on Friday, with a score of 7 sets to 5, in Pettit's favor.

F. J. Fergus, "Hugh Conway," the author of 'Called Back' and 'Dark Days,' of which

several hundred thousand copies have been sold in this country and England, died on Friday at Monaco, where he has been ill for some time of typhoid fever. He was thirty-seven years of age. He was an auctioneer at Bristol, England, until the phenomenal success of 'Called Back' led him to devote his entire time to literature. He followed it with 'Dark Days,' a novel in a similar vein, and collected a number of his short stories in a volume, under the title 'Bound Together.' It was his intention after a short Continental tour to leave Bristol and settle near London.

Copies of the revised version of the Old Testament were distributed to the press of London on Friday midnight. The *Standard* calls it "a good, useful, learned work." The *Times* says: "The revisers have shown wide learning, scrupulous fidelity, and reverent caution, and the general impression is that the work will raise the Old Testament to its proper place as literature apart from dogma." The *Daily News* says: "The revisers have erred, if they have erred at all, on the side of obstinate conservatism rather than on the side of rash innovation." The *Athenium* says: "The revision is a literary success. There are no pretensions to scholarly completeness, and practically no alterations in the text."

Minister Morton presented his letters of recall to President Grévy on Thursday. The latter expressed regret at his departure. Mr. McLane presented his credentials, and was cordially received. In the evening a dinner in honor of Mr. Morton was given at the Hôtel Continental, Paris. Two hundred prominent Americans and Frenchmen were present.

The reduced copy of Bartholdi's statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" was on Wednesday formally presented by the American residents of the French capital to the Municipality of Paris. The ceremonies took place on the site of the statue, the Place des États-Unis. Mr. Levi P. Morton, on behalf of the American donors, made the speech of presentation.

Victor Hugo was on Monday reported alarmingly ill.

The German Reichstag has passed the Customs Tariff Bill. The duty on oxen imported for farming purposes was fixed at 20 marks for those under five years old, and at 30 marks for those over that age. The duty on fat cattle was made 30 marks. It levies a duty of 3 marks on rye. It will operate directly against Austria-Hungary, which has hitherto occupied the position of a favored nation like Spain. The Vienna newspapers are indignant, and express the belief that Prince Bismarck intends to make things so unpleasant as to drive Austria into a customs union with Germany. The Cabinet has resolved to reintroduce the Austrian Customs Bill.

Garibaldi's memoirs have been arranged and edited. At a family council it was decided to accede to the request of the Italian Government to delay the publication of the memoirs until ten years after the date of Garibaldi's death.

General Lew Wallace has declined an offer from the Sultan of a high position in the Turkish service.

News was received on Wednesday from Batoche, dated May 12, that Riel had suffered a disastrous defeat at the hands of General Middleton's forces. The despatch said: "Batoche was captured this afternoon after a short but desperate fight, in which many of our brave volunteers were killed and wounded. At half-past two o'clock the orders were passed round and all were in readiness. Soon after a rapid advance was made down into Batoche, the rebel stronghold. When within range of the rifle pits, the order to charge was given and it was made with tremendous British cheers. The rebels, who had reserved their fire, poured a volley into our forces. Without flinching, however, the brave fellows dashed in among the rebel pits, captured them, and

drove the rebels down before them into the ravine. Desperate resistance was made from the cover of the brushwood. The blood of the volunteers was up, however, and after a sharp struggle they succeeded in clearing the rebels out. The rebels withdrew hastily to their final positions in the village. Elated by their success, our forces dashed down into Batoche. The rebels had hardly time to turn and make resistance before the troops were upon them, and in a short time they withdrew. The houses were all captured one after another, and all the prisoners held by Riel, seven in number, were found safe and were released." The Canadian loss was five killed and fifteen wounded.

Riel and his lieutenant, Dumont, deserted their men soon after the recent defeat at Batoche. The rebel troops thereupon became discouraged. Many of them came into Middleton's camp and surrendered. Colonel Otter will not attack Poundmaker's force until joined by General Middleton. News has reached Winnipeg that the Indians under Poundmaker have captured a train of thirty-one teams and twenty-one teamsters near Battleford. Ten teamsters escaped. A detachment of mounted police pursued the Indians and had a skirmish with them, but failed to recover any of the stores or prisoners.

Riel was captured on Friday by three of Middleton's scouts several miles north of Batoche. He said that he was coming to give himself up. He feared that he might be shot by his captors, and begged for a civil trial. Immediately he was taken to General Middleton's camp. The soldiers made no hostile demonstration. It is now believed that the rebellion is ended. There may be some trouble with Poundmaker's Indians.

Soon after the capture of Riel, Maxime Le Pine gave himself up. Good progress is being made with the preparations for marching to Prince Albert and afterward to Battleford. The latest statement of losses at Batoche is: Troops, 9 killed and 42 wounded; rebels, 81 killed, 173 wounded.

Major Boulton and 200 men have been scouring the country around Batoche in search of Dumont, Riel's lieutenant, but so far without success. He will probably escape to the British Hills.

A despatch published on Tuesday alleged that Colonel Otter on Sunday made an attack on Poundmaker, and, after a severe battle, captured him and took 129 prisoners. The battle was fought in Eagle Hills, and Colonel Otter made the assault against orders. Twenty-one Canadians and nineteen Englishmen were killed. The story is doubted in Winnipeg.

A treaty of peace and alliance was entered into between Honduras, San Salvador, Costa Rica, and Nicaragua, April 12. Two days later President Zaldivar, of San Salvador, issued a circular stating that as he only wished for peace and harmony, he had accepted, through the mediation of the several Central American States, a proposition proclaiming in Guatemala, as well as in San Salvador, a decree of general amnesty to all involved in the late revolution. President Zaldivar, besides exacting a war indemnity of \$10,000,000, said that to maintain peace in future it would be necessary to dismember Guatemala, leaving to that country only sufficient land to equalize her strength and wealth with that of the other Central American States, and asked the other States to aid him in this project.

Subsequently to this President Zaldivar resigned and left the country. General Figuerda fills his place. This grew out of an unsuccessful effort on the part of Zaldivar to effect a Central American Union similar to that projected by Barrios. Before he left, however, General Menéndez, who had taken part with Barrios in trying to establish the Central American Union, and who is a Salvadorian, had got up a revolution in the province of Santa Anna. He took Santa Anna on May 15, and Sansaria on Sunday.

THE MUNSELL CASE.

THE extraordinary proceedings in court on Friday before Judge Van Brunt must not pass without comment. To call the statement which the Judge read to the audience before sentencing Mr. Munsell an "opinion," in any judicial sense, would be an abuse of language. He was evidently laboring under great excitement when he read it, and it was, in both substance and form, nothing more than an expression by an audacious and angry man of his contempt for the newspapers and for public opinion. He treated the community last week—for the first time, we think, in the judicial annals of any civilized country—to the spectacle of a judge attacking a jury in a newspaper for not finding a verdict in accordance with his own opinion in a criminal case; and in doing so cast aspersions on men whose character in the community stands higher than his own. This done, of course he became nothing more than a party in a row in which the jurors were fully his match. But he was determined to get the better of them somehow, so he went back to the bench and had one of them dragged before him on a charge which, in its original shape, it is not speaking too strongly to say, was trumped up. It made Mr. Munsell (an American of the best standing) a strong sympathizer with Short, and so anxious to procure his acquittal that he visited him openly in the Tombs to arrange about procuring it, and went to O'Donovan Rossa's office to hold a consultation with him for the same purpose. Of this precious concoction, of which Mr. Martine, the District Attorney, seems to have been the author, not a shred remained on examination, except the fact that Mr. Munsell did visit Rossa's office, and looked in for a moment, holding the door-knob in his hand. There was not the shadow of evidence, however, that Mr. Munsell knew then that this was forbidden by law, or that his motives in doing it were not good. Judge Van Brunt thinks that he knew that he was doing wrong, because he admits in his affidavit that "he was particular not to shut the door, but held the door open, so that he could be seen from the hall during the whole time." To anybody but an angry controversialist this would seem, if true, complete proof of the man's innocence. He knew, as any one of common sense would know, that it would be improper to shut himself up in a room with Short's friends, and he was probably afraid, as any decent man would be, of being shut up in any room with the cutthroats who frequent O'Donovan Rossa's den.

The Judge's remarks on Mr. Munsell's going to Rossa's office were, however, evidently *obiter dicta*. His real charge was that on going out with the jury he argued in favor of acquittal. To prove that Mr. Munsell ought to be punished for this, Judge Van Brunt actually tried the case over again, and read an argument showing the untrustworthiness of Short's witnesses and the improbability of their story. Then came the following extraordinary passage:

"In view of this unparalleled credulity upon the part of this juror, and the interest which he evidently took, upon the retirement of the jury, in the acquittal of Short, it is but fair to assume that his visit to Rossa's office had

been in some way the cause of a gross perversion of his judgment. It is fair to assume further—in view of the earnestness with which the juror adopted the prisoner's cause after he had obtained the information from Rossa's office, and of which the other jurors were ignorant, and which had operated so strongly in the clarification of his mind—that he made the most of his supposed superior knowledge, and that he became in the jury-room, not only a juror, but a witness testifying before his fellow-jurors, no one having an opportunity to hear his testimony or to contradict his evidence if untrue. He was thus enabled to impose with impunity upon his fellows, and from the result it seems to be safe to assert that he did so."

The meaning of this, in so far as such rant can have a meaning, is that a juror's disagreement with the judge about the evidence was proof of "unparalleled credulity"; and that to argue in defence of this view in the jury-room with his fellow-jurors was a crime. Technically, it was of course wrong for Mr. Munsell, during the progress of the trial, to put himself in possession of evidence which was not obtainable by the other jurors; but that the use of this superior knowledge, to influence the others, was "imposition on his fellows," is something which it is disgraceful for a man in Judge Van Brunt's position to assert. If Mr. Munsell had a store next to O'Donovan's office, and had become thoroughly familiar with the premises before the trial, there would have been not only nothing wrong in his instructing his fellows about them, but it would have been his duty to do so. Any knowledge a juror has of the facts of a case he is sworn to try, he is bound to use in consultation. What the law forbids is certain modes of acquiring knowledge during the trial. It does not forbid the possession, or use of it, when acquired. If a murder is committed in the hallway of a hotel, it does not silence a man because he has lived in the hotel and is perfectly familiar with the scene of the crime, when the other jurors are not.

In fact, it is plain from the Judge's own showing that Munsell's real offence was not his having gone to Rossa's office; this he would probably have punished as an indiscretion with a small fine. What has brought down on the juror the disgraceful and malignant sentence pronounced on Friday was his having gone back to the jury-room to argue for an acquittal. The Judge's speech leads irresistibly to the conclusion that, had he gone back to argue for conviction, no fault would have been found with him. His crime thus consists in his disagreeing with Judge Van Brunt. We doubt if there is a lawyer of standing and character in this city to-day, either on or off the bench, whom the Judge's performances in this case have not made ashamed or indignant. If there be no remedy for his abuse of his power, it shows there is a great defect in the law, which we trust will be cured. No man, whether judge or not, who has engaged in a newspaper controversy and lost his temper, is fit to sit in judgment on his antagonists afterward and deal out fine and imprisonment on them. Had Judge Van Brunt had a stronger sense of propriety, he would have seen this himself, and refrained from any action toward Mr. Munsell which could possibly bear the appearance of revenging himself on a man for not agreeing with him. His utterances, as well as his judicial action, in fact, constitute an attack on the independence of jurors which richly deserves punishment of

some kind, stronger even than that which he is receiving in the reprobation of his own profession and of the intelligent public.

The Bar, of course, are the proper critics and accusers of corrupt judges. It is the lawyers only who practise before them who know the facts and can bring them out. They are often, we admit, quite willing to furnish the facts to the newspapers, but always with the injunction that "my name is not to be mentioned"—that is, they are quite prepared to enjoy the spectacle of a fight between an editor and a judge, but have no disposition whatever to take a hand in it themselves. We do not greatly blame them for this, human nature in New York being what it is. Most lawyers have very hard work to earn a living, and to quarrel with a judge is a pretty sure way of having the difficulty increased, particularly when a man's professional brethren are sure not to stand by him. If the Bar were here, as it is in England and France, a real corporation, in which every lawyer standing for his rights had the whole body at his back, the function of supplying the public opinion which keeps the Bench pure and decorous would be better performed by the legal profession than it is. In fact, as matters stand, it can hardly be said to be performed at all. Such escapades as Judge Van Brunt's last Friday show it.

We are, however, by no means disposed to hold the press blameless in this matter. Its influence, like the influence of the Bar, is greatly neutralized by the fact that it is primarily a money-making calling, in which the competition is very keen, and in which it is almost a rule of business that you must not agree with a rival, or adopt any of his opinions. If, therefore, one newspaper denounces an abuse, the others are very apt to be silent about it, or deny its existence. If one criticises a judge, the others—all in the way of trade—are very apt to maintain that he did just the right thing in the right way. The New York Ring had its newspaper defenders or apologists, almost up to the day when the members began to run away, largely because one newspaper was making a specialty of exposing it. On this state of things, of course, all abuses thrive, and the public suffers dumbly, and does not well see how it can help itself, except by the process called "a popular uprising"—that is, a brief outburst of fury when things have become so bad as to be absolutely unbearable.

THE WORKINGMEN AND THE CHURCHES.

THE *Independent*, the other day, undertook to answer a recent article of ours on the relations of the workingmen to the churches. This answer contained a good deal of irrelevant matter, and some theological scolding which it is hardly worth while to notice. What concerns us is its method of disproving our assertions. To make its task all the easier, it proposed to limit inquiry to the city of New York. Now, the alienation between the working classes and the churches in this city has gone to great lengths, but it is greatly exceeded by that in other cities, as Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago. It is far from being accurate to assert, as does our contemporary, that if it can prove that

there is no great separation between the churches and the lower classes in New York, the case is settled for the whole country. But we will not press this, being content to meet our critic on his chosen ground, only insisting that we be held accountable for what we actually said, not for what it may be alleged that we said.

The method adopted by the *Independent* to procure evidence for our refutation, in our judgment, leaves much to be desired. Letters of inquiry were sent to all the Protestant pastors of New York. We are not told what the exact questions were which were put to them. From the specimen answers given we conclude, however, that each pastor was asked how large a part of his church was composed of workingmen; if it would be possible for a poorly-dressed man to force his way into any service, and how much "hostility" to Christianity he had observed among the lower classes. This was the best way, we are assured, to get at "the exact facts." But we must submit that the questions were only in small part directed to the point at issue—that being, not whether workingmen were "hostile" to the churches, nor whether the churches would welcome the poor who might come to their services, but simply whether, as a matter of fact, the working classes as a whole were not separated, and growingly so, from the churches. Nor can we agree with our contemporary that the evidence which it has collected in the way indicated may safely be made the premises for the most rigid argument. It seems to us to be clear that an indispensable part of a full investigation of the relations of the poor to the churches would be an effort to get the poor man's side of the question; that one desiring complete knowledge would have gone to the quarters of the city which furnish homes to the poor, and would have counted the number and observed the kind of Protestant churches to be found in those localities. In the absence of any such endeavor to get full and impartial evidence, we cannot share the confidence of the *Independent* that the answers to its letters have put an end to controversy.

Of course we do not know what was the full evidence collected, as it has been printed only in epitome. Several of the answers sent in are from the so-called pastors of mission chapels. Naturally their congregations are almost wholly made up of people in the lower walks of life. But it is surely pressing a mere technicality to identify this handful of mission chapels, which are not self-supporting, which are better described as charitable institutions than churches, with the distinctive Protestant churches of New York. In any case, it is to be remembered that they make up but a small percentage of the whole. Aside from them, and looking to the answers returned by the men who are the pastors of what is generally understood by the Protestant churches of this city, the result of the *Independent's* inquiry seems to us to confirm strikingly that sentence of ours which has drawn all this fire. Thus, many of the pastors directly admit that they have "none" or "very few" of the working classes in their churches. Others do all they can to help out their friend, the editor, by stretching the definition of a workingman so as to include

clerks and servant girls, and replying that they have "as many as could be expected" of those classes. Still others boldly meet the case by affirming that it is an entire mistake to suppose that there are no workingmen in their churches, since they make it a rule to tolerate no distinction of classes, and they would gladly welcome working people to their services if any would come.

We are not willing to leave this subject without calling attention to evidence, bearing upon this matter, which seems to us much more full and pertinent than anything the *Independent* has published. We refer to the series of articles which have appeared during the last few weeks in the *Christian Union* on "The Home Heavens" of our cities. It can scarcely be that the facts arrayed in those articles have not fallen under the eye of our critic, though he has made no reference to them, so far as we have seen. We should think there would be a great deal in them very attractive to a person of his statistical turn. Especially significant, as bearing on the case of New York, is the paper of the Rev. A. F. Schauffler, which was published in the *Christian Union* of March 12, under the title "Godless New York." This writer is well known to the *Independent*, having its full endorsement, in fact, as one of the "men at the front," for he appears among its chosen witnesses to remark that he did find "hostility" to Christianity among certain classes of artisans. We have room to extract from the article referred to only the following evidence, which we hope will appear in the next reference which our contemporary makes to this matter:

"We find," says Mr. Schauffler, "that the churches constantly tend to crowd their way into certain favored localities where, for various reasons, they can easily maintain themselves, and abandon utterly other and less favorable quarters of the city. For example, we can mark out south of Broome Street a locality in which 68,000 people live, where for twelve years there have been only two small English Protestant churches, one German church, and two small chapels. The Seventh Ward, on the east side, has 50,066 people and five churches and chapels, or one to every 10,000; the Fifth Ward, 15,845 population and two churches and chapels; the Fourteenth Ward, 30,071 population and two churches and chapels, equal to one for each 15,035 souls."

After these figures have been disposed of, we should be glad to see attention given to certain editorial utterances of the *Christian Union*, summing up the whole question. In its issue of April 23 it said:

"These poorer classes, herded together in huge tenement houses, have been for the most part left alone by the Christian community. The population has been growing, and the church accommodations have been diminishing. In the city of New York, in 1840, one church to every 1,800; in 1880, one church to every 2,400. . . . These are the solemn, urgent facts. While we are sending missionaries abroad—and we are sending all too few—heathenism is making gains on our own shores and under the shadow of our own church steeples. These are the facts, the indubitable and unquestionable facts."

This would go to show that the *Christian Union*, together with the several clergymen who contributed to its columns the startling facts in regard to the religious destitution of the poorer classes in Boston, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York, is as badly informed as even we are, and is possessed of an amount of petty malice against Christianity that rivals our own.

CHAUCER AND BALZAC.

THE passage in the Prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales' in which Chaucer declares his intention with regard to the personages of his narrative—

"Me thinketh it accordant to reson
To telle you al the condicoun
Of ech of hem so as it semede me,
And whiche they weren and of what degre;
And eke in what array that they were inne"

might well have been taken by Balzac as a motto for the forty volumes of his "Comédie Humaine." The purpose Chaucer entertained about his nine and twenty companions was the same that Balzac so marvellously carried out in his nine hundred and twenty—or, as he himself asserted, two thousand—portraits. And consequently in Chaucer's pages and in Balzac's volumes we find not only poetry and romance, but history as authentic and as vivid as in the sacrosanct Saint Simon himself. Finding that, we find too, what lies beneath all history—records of the essential qualities of human nature. But this human nature is painted by each artist under the lineaments of his own age, and the comparison of their respective portraits of the same character is instructive.

The thirty personages through whom Chaucer presents his world, display to us almost as large a range of natures, influences, positions, and relations as we study on Balzac's crowded canvas—as wide a range of natures, indeed, when we look from the Clerk to the Cook, from the Parson to the Wife of Bath, but a more limited range of relations, of the drama of life. The pseudo-civilization which Balzac, to use Mr. Arnold's words, "delineated with splendid ability," consists in great measure of the personal interchange of influences; and this was but a latent force in mediæval life.

The fact that they have both in many instances studied and drawn the same characters, as we just now implied, brings before us the differences between the England of the fourteenth century and the France of the nineteenth most strikingly. Whole categories of philosophic investigations and results become visible when we place opposite to the "young man," Balzac's perpetual hero, represented by him over and over again in infinite varieties of light and coloring, but always the "joli jeune homme," coming poor and "able" from the provinces to conquer the world in Paris or to be slain by it—when we place opposite to this multifarious figure "the lover and the lusty bachelor" of Chaucer, who

"Singing he was or fluting all the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May."

Much, too, is summed up in observing that the admirable figure of the Knight has no counterpart in Balzac. Never did his eyes rest on a representative of "knightly" qualities, of the love of "chivalrie, trouthe and honour, fredome and curtesie"; or, at the best, on none better than the unhappy Colonel Chabert, whose nobleness is degraded by treachery and misfortune to the most pitiful destiny; or than the Marquis d'Espard, who, with all his lofty excellence, was far removed by his circumstances from one "ever honoured for his worthiness."

On the other hand, one of Balzac's most conspicuous and often-repeated figures, "la grande dame," was either unknown to Chaucer or did not come within the scope of his plan. (The pretty Prioresse, Balzac knew as Mademoiselle Ursule Mirouet.) And we have not in Chaucer the "soudard" and "viveur" Philippe Bidaud (one of Balzac's *chefs-d'œuvre*), nor Joseph Bidaud, his brother, the artist, nor any of Joseph's several confrères of different arts and professions, nor the old reprobate the Baron Hulot, nor the miser Grandet; nor, in return, among all Balzac's "avoués," and "justices de paix," and "présidents de la cour," is there precisely Chaucer's

"sergeant of the law," and among all his "gens de l'église" there is no abbot-like, hunting monk.

Nevertheless, the parallels are numerous, and are chiefly in that class of subordinate characters where some of Balzac's greatest successes were achieved. To enter into them in detail would require a volume. We can here only slightly indicate the points of most interest, merely suggesting them to those who care to study the two authors, and discover for themselves the deep meaning of the difference in their works.

The "poure persoun of a toun" may be compared with the "Curé de village," who equally was diligent

"In siknesse and in meschief to visite
The ferreste in his parische moche and lite";

but how alien is the whole tone of the English portrait to such relations of factitious authority and excitement as the French priest maintains with his guilty parishioner Jean-François Tascheron, and his noble penitent Madame Graslin.

The ruddy Frankeleyn who

"At seasons ther was he lord and sire,
Ful ofte tyme he was knyght of the schire,"

was in Balzac's day named Philéas Beauvisage, and was M. le Maire (of Arcis-sur-Aube), "whose face was like a full moon, but a jolly moon." "He liked good cheer and the things of an easy life; his wife provided for him the most exquisite wines, a table worthy of a bishop, and the best cook in all the neighborhood."

"A better envyned [stocked with wine] man was no wher non."

"Hit answede in his hous of mete and drynke,
Of alle deyntees that men cowde thynke."

César Birotteau, as "a business man," may stand for Chaucer's Merchant:

"His reasons he spak full solemnely."

We have the Clerk

"Who lokede holwe and therto soberly"

in Athanase Granson, who "was a thin and pale young man of middle size, and with a hollow face, in which his black eyes, sparkling with thought, were like two coals. . . . His soul was contemplative: he lived more by thought than action. . . . His studies, carried on at the library of the city, escaped attention, and he buried in his soul his dreams of glory, as they might be prejudicial to him."

"And he hadde geten him yit no benefice;
Ne was so worldly for to have office."

The "doctour of phisik"—

"In al this world ne was ther non him lyk
To speke of phisik and of surgerye"—

is "l'illustre Desplein," the hero of "La Messe de l'Athée," where it is duly insisted on that

"His studie was but litel on the Bible."

He is also Horace Blanchon, a frequently recurring figure in Balzac's pages, who was equally a "verrey parfit practisour."

The *commis-royageur*! "a personage unknown in old times," declares Balzac himself. Unknown by such name, or precisely in such business, but "l'illustre Gaudissart," is he not in nature and modes of life twin brother to "the Lymytour"?

"Ful wel beloved and famulier was he
With frankeleyns over al in his cuntre,
And cek wita worthi women of the toun."

And overal, ther as profyt schulde arise,
Curteys he was, and lowely of servyse.

For though a widow hadde nocht oo shoo
(So pleasant was his *in principio*),
Yet wold he have a farthing or he wente."

"Would you know," says Balzac, "the power of the tongue, and the forcible pressure of phrases on the most rebellious pockets, listen to the speechifying of one of these great dignitaries of Parisian trade." And again, "Is he not the ring which connects the village with the capital, he himself being neither Parisian nor provincial? He is essentially a traveller."

"He knew the taverns wel in every toun."

All the first pages of "L'illustre Gaudissart"

read like a mere amplification of Chaucer, and modernization. Balzac himself likens the *commis-royageur* to "an unbelieving priest who talks only the better of his mysteries and his dogmas."

As a companion figure to "the Reeve" we must accept (in the person of Maître Chesnel) the intendant, the notary devoted to the interests of a family. Instead of

"His lordes scheep, his neet and his dayerte,
His swyn, his hors, his ster, and his pultrie,"

which

"Were holly in this reeves governynge,"

it is more strictly money matters with which the intendant is concerned. But equally,

"He by his covenant gave the rekenynge,
Syn that his lord was twenti year of age;
Ther coude no man bringe him in arrearage";

and those who deceived and despoiled the Marquis d'Esgrignon,

"They were adrad of him, as of the deth";

and of him most truly can it be said:

"Ful riche he was astored prively.
His lord wel coude he plesse subtilly
To yeve and lend him of his owne good"—

"In two years Victurnien had received about eighty thousand francs from the poor notary."

It is only the positions, not the characters of these two personages which are alike; and, curiously enough, that quality of attachment of inferior to superior which Balzac, in this very instance, speaks of as "feudal," and as something belonging only to the past (yet of which the many devoted servants he has drawn are, in some sort, other illustrations), is nowhere, either in the Prologue or the Tales, described or referred to by Chaucer.

We have no Miller from Balzac's brush; but he has painted the miller's dwelling in one of the most careful of his infrequent sketches direct from nature:

"A house adjoining a mill placed on an arm of the river showed between the tops of the trees its thatched roof decorated with house-leek. This simple structure had for its sole adorning some bushes of jasmine, honeysuckle, and hops, and all about were the bright flowers of phlox and of the most showy fertile plants. On the stonework which, held in place by clumsy piles, raised the roadway above even the greatest floods, were to be seen nets drying in the sun. Ducks swam in the clear basin which lay beyond the mill, between the two currents of water roaring in the sluices; and one could hear the teasing noise of the mill."

All this would seem very familiar to Chaucer.

For the Yeoman, the young squire's servant, Balzac gives us Michaud, the "garde-bois" of "Les Paysans":

"A forster was he sothly as I guess."

And the Ploughman—

"A trewe swynker and a good was he
Lyving in pees and parfit charitee"—

finds his mate in the old vine-dresser Niseron, (also in "Les Paysans"): "As hard as iron, as pure as gold."

"God loved he beste with al his hoole heart
At alle tymes, though him gamede or smerte"—

and sacrificed his only son on the altar of his Jacobin beliefs.

"And thanne [he loved] his neighebour right as himselve," accepting poverty in place of a heritage to which he was entitled.

It is much to be lamented that Balzac, with his own practical proficiency in the culinary art, never painted a *Cook*. It would have been a great figure!

We have said that the ladies of high birth, and, in his eyes, high breeding, in whose portraiture Balzac delighted, and whom he prided himself on seeing and revealing *au fond*, have no counterparts in Chaucer, while Balzac's detailed descriptions of their minds and bodies, their natures and their circumstances, their thinkings and their doings, their sensibili-

ties and their refinements, form a very large part of the "Comédie Humaine." But to Sainte-Beuve's inexplicable approval of his "delicious rendering" of them, the best critics of to-day are far from assenting, and find in his equally elaborate portraits of women of coarse natures and degraded life much more truth and power. And here he and Chaucer can be again compared together. The "fayre yonge wif" of the "Miller's Tale" is touched in with lines and colors curiously analogous to those constantly employed by Balzac; and lengthy quotations, if they could be made use of, would establish indubitably this point. But it needs no quotations to recall the figures of the Wife of Bath and of Madame Schontz, and it cannot be denied that they are of one family: they belong, if we may so say, to that family of "vermes" which, through all ages, repeat themselves by fissiparous generation.

Close as it has been seen some of these resemblances of conception are, it is evident that the differences are infinite. Balzac's volumes are among the few one can fancy "ordered" in the Elysian Fields, and sent out from the celestial "Mudie's"; and if Chaucer amuses himself with them, what strange reading he must find them! One imagines Sir Walter Scott, too, looking up from a page of "Le Père Goriot," and saying: "This isn't my world, and not yours, I think," and with what a laugh Chaucer echoes his words! M. Taine has said, "*Parvenir!*" this word, unknown a century ago, is to-day the sovereign master of all lives." Balzac's ninety-seven tales are ninety-seven illustrations of this. They, one and all, with the exception of the "Études Philosophiques," describe lives engaged in a form of *striving*—the struggle, the scramble (half strength, half cunning) for a higher position—which was quite unknown to Chaucer.

ÉLÉONORE D'OLBREUZE.

PARIS, May 5, 1885.

THE history of Éléonore d'Olbreuze has recently been written, by Viscount Horric de Beaucaire, from new documents found in the French Foreign Office, in the library of the Swedish University of Lund, and in the archives of Berlin, Wolfenbüttel, and Hanover. In 1879 Schaumann wrote in Hanover his "Sophie Dorothea, Prinzessin von Ahlden und Kurfürstin Sophie von Hannover," and Dr. Koecher published the "Memoiren aus Herzogin Sophie nachmals Kurfürstin von Hannover." M. de Beaucaire has used these valuable materials and tried to complete a final biography of Éléonore d'Olbreuze. It is well known how this lady, attached as maid of honor to the Princess of Tarente, became acquainted with George William of Brunswick, and finally married him; and how their daughter, Sophie Dorothea, married her cousin the Duke George of Hanover, who became King of England.

M. de Beaucaire has taken much pains in writing the history of the Desmier family, to which he is himself related. Éléonore Desmier d'Olbreuze was born in 1639 at Olbreuze, between Niort and La Rochelle. The province of Poitou was, at the time of the wars of religion, one of the strongholds of the Protestant faith; the Desmiers were among the best families of this province. One of them followed Henri IV. in all his wars, and separated from him only when he "jumped the ditch." In vain did Henri IV., who was fond of him, ask him to stay near him and not go and "eat nuts in Angoumois." The branch of D'Olbreuze remained Protestant to the end. The father of Éléonore was a Huguenot, and brought up his children in the Protestant faith. There is a general belief that Éléonore d'Olbreuze was of humble origin; in reality, the Desmiers were related to the best families of the west of France. "This Duchess," wrote the

Duchess of Orleans to her German relations (when Éléonore became Duchess of Zell), "is of very low extraction; it would have been an honor for her to marry Colin, the first valet-de-chambre of Monsieur." This word was repeated in all the courts of Europe. But the Duchess of Orleans knew but little about the genealogy of the proud Huguenot families of Poitou, which were poor, lived on their estates, and were never seen at court.

The Electress Sophia, as well as the Duchess of Orleans, credited the opinion that young Éléonore d'Olbreuze entered the house of the Princess of Tarente in a very humble position. The title of Tarente belongs to the La Trémoilles, and the La Trémoilles were, with the Rohans, the greatest people in Brittany and in the west of France. They knew all about the Desmiers d'Olbreuze. They had an almost royal position, and it was usual for ladies of such families to take poor noblewomen as ladies in waiting, as queens and princesses do in our time. Éléonore d'Olbreuze stayed first in that capacity with the Dowager Duchess of La Trémoille, and we read in the memoirs of Charlotte-Amélie de la Trémoille that after the marriage of Marie-Charlotte with Bernard de Saxe (July 18, 1661), "Madame my grandmother resolved to go no more to Paris nor to court, but to end her days in the provinces, at Vitré or Thouars. This is why she separated from her two *demoiselles d'honneur*: she gave Maranville, who was the first, to Madame de Weymar; and she gave Olbreuze, who was the second, to Madame my mother." (These memoirs were published in 1876 at Geneva, by M. Édouard de Barthélemy.)

The Prince and Princess of Tarente were Protestants, and the Prince found some military occupation in Holland. Éléonore accompanied her princess to this country, and became acquainted with the princes of the House of Nassau and with many German princes. Grammont, when speaking of Mlle. d'Olbreuze, once said, "When we are tired of them at our court, they are still good enough for a German prince"; but Grammont was never very charitable. Éléonore's reputation was perfectly intact when she left France, and her conduct was irreproachable in Holland.

George William met the Princess of Tarente and Éléonore d'Olbreuze at the court of the Landgrave of Hesse in the winter of 1663-64. The wit and liveliness of the young Frenchwoman made a great impression on him; she inspired at the same time a passion in John Frederick, his brother. She was certainly a *grande coquette*; she could have played *Célimène*. On her return to Holland she began a correspondence with John Frederick, who had gone to Venice, and she wrote only letters "toutes pleines de cérémonie." George William had gone to Holland and had been very attentive to Éléonore. The two brothers were always quarrelling; they were jealous of each other, and it is not impossible that this jealousy may have had something to do with their love for the young Frenchwoman. Mme. de Tarente was severe, Éléonore was clever, and kept her lover at a distance. This resistance only increased his passion, and he began to speak of a morganatic marriage. All was arranged, when Christian Louis of Brunswick died, and George William was obliged to leave Holland to settle his difficulties with his younger brother, who had taken possession of the Duchy of Brunswick. The Duchess of La Trémoille having died in France, the Princess of Tarente was obliged to leave for Brittany. She left Éléonore behind at Bois-le-Duc. A treaty was signed in 1665 between the brothers, by the terms of which the lover of D'Olbreuze, who was the eldest, became Duke of Zell, and kept Zell for his residence; John Frederick took Hanover and Goettingen.

The Duke of Zell asked Éléonore to leave Holland, and she left Bois-le-Duc for Germany with two companions of her sex. She stopped at Iburg, where she was received by the Duchess Sophia. The latter was at first favorably impressed with Éléonore, but she would not hear of a marriage, not even of a morganatic marriage. The Duke of Zell, who had arrived, himself rejected the idea of a marriage, under the influence of his brother and of his sister-in-law. He offered, in a special act, to promise to live always with her; to leave her, in case he should die, in an honorable position, and never to marry. This promise (the text of it is given in the 'Memoiren der Herzogin Sophie') was signed by George William, Éléonore, Ernest-August (who was Bishop of Osnabrück), and Sophia. It was the only assurance given to Éléonore. In fact, no marriage ceremony took place. Éléonore took at court the name of Mme. d'Harburg, the name of a town in the Duchy of Lüneburg. She was only half satisfied, and for years afterward she worked in order to obtain the favor of a religious marriage. In a letter to a friend of her family, she writes on March 14, 1666: "I am the happiest woman in the world. . . . Whatever people may say of the fact that I did not appear in church before a priest, I cannot repent of what I have done. It is faith which makes marriage. His Highness pledged himself before all his relations who signed the contract: he promised never to have any wife but myself. . . . You would like to see our *ménage*: it is the happiest in the world." So she wrote, but she had not in reality the assurance which she professed to have. She was not satisfied with her position.

On the 15th of September, 1666, Éléonore was confined of a daughter, who received the name of Sophia Dorothea. The happiness of her union with George William and the birth of this daughter improved her position gradually. She was clever, intelligent, she became indispensable. Nothing was done without her. She looked after the furniture, the table, the linen, the servants; she was one of those persons who, wherever they are, are everything. George could no longer live without her, he was the most constant and devoted of lovers. Such a transformation put the Duchess Sophia beside herself, and she became the enemy of her former ally.

Young Sophia Dorothea was betrothed to the Duke Anton-Ulric of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel when she was only six years old; in 1671 George allotted, by an act signed by himself and approved by his brother, the revenues of two districts of his states to the payment of the dower of Mme. d'Harburg; in the same year he left the revenues of two cities and districts to her and to her young daughter. The alliance of the Brunswicks was important to the Emperor, and, on the request of George William, the Emperor gave the title of Countess of Wilhelmsburg to Éléonore and her children. The Empress at the same time sent to her the order of Virtue, which was only given to princesses. Soon afterward Sophia Dorothea was given permission to bear the name and the arms of the house of Brunswick in case she should marry a prince. Finally, in 1675, a marriage was agreed to in order that the child might be legitimate. Some difficulties were thrown in the way by the Duchess Sophia and the Bishop of Osnabrück, but George William was determined to have his way, and in the midst of war, between the sieges of two Swedish towns of the Bishopric of Bremen, the religious ceremony was celebrated in presence of the Duke Anton-Ulric. A month afterward it was made public; and the name of Éléonore was added to that of her husband in the prayers of the Church. The lady-in-waiting had become a real princess.

Let us do her justice. Her court of Zell be-

came one of the most brilliant in Germany, and one of the most virtuous and orderly. Éléonore took a lively interest in the politics of the day, especially as it affected the position of her husband. Louis XIV. paid special attentions to the Duke of Zell, whose armies had taken an important part in the war against Sweden. He began negotiations with him through Marshal d'Estrades, Ambassador of France at the Congress of Niméguen, and a relation of Éléonore. D'Estrades entered into a direct correspondence with Éléonore on the subject of the House of Brunswick. When the peace was signed, Louis XIV. sent the Duke and Duchess magnificent presents. The Duchess Sophia was so angry that she said that "a ring worth two thousand florins would have been enough for a *demoiselle du Poitou*." When George William saw the diamonds sent by Louis XIV. to his wife, he said to the French envoy: "The King has given me more pleasure by this mark of friendship to my wife than if he had left me all the land of Bremen."

The court of Zell was then at the height of its brilliancy: it was almost a French court, as Éléonore had surrounded herself with French relations and friends. The grand marshal of the court was a Frenchman, Armand de Lescours; all her ladies of honor were French, as well as all her gentlemen in waiting. The court was enlivened by balls, by ballets, by concerts. The Duke had French comedians and Italian singers. The pleasures of Zell were decent, and Éléonore did not tolerate the coarse masquerades of Hanover. In summer the Duke and Duchess went to Pyrmont, to Wiesbaden, with all their attendants. The Duke was fond of hunting, and kept as many as four hundred dogs. The master of the stag-hounds was a Frenchman. He preserved pheasants, which were at the time quite a royal luxury. Éléonore remained very French till the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; she made of Zell a little Versailles. But the fatal Edict sent to her many refugees, and all the enemies of France began to work on the religious feelings of the Duke. His agent in Paris, M. de Rosemont de Boncour, was of French nationality and a Protestant, and for some infraction of the Edict he was sent to the Bastille. George William was very angry; he abandoned the cause of France, and declared war on Louis XIV. in January, 1689. He had so many Huguenot refugees at his court that a gay Frenchman once told him at table, "Why, sir, it seems to me you are the only foreigner here." Among these refugees we find some distinguished names, as, Chappuzeau, father and son.

Meanwhile, Sophia Dorothea was coming of age, and we must see what additions M. de Beaucaire has made to the biography of this unfortunate Princess.

Correspondence.

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH AT THE SOUTH.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his letter to you published in the *Nation* of April 23d, Professor Shepherd, of the College of Charleston, S. C., while accurately describing the want of instruction in English in the colleges of the South before the war, does not do justice to the great improvement made in this respect since that time. In fact, in no other department of study has equal improvement been made, not only in Virginia but in the "States south of Virginia"; and no other indication marks more decisively the *renaissance* of education in the South than the general progress in the advanced study of English, and in the rank and estimation assigned to it in Southern

collegiate work. I hesitate to give you a partial list of the colleges, or "universities falsely so called," which in "States south of Virginia" have made more or less ample provision for collegiate instruction in English, lest I should omit some that most deserve to be named. But Vanderbilt University, the Tennessee University, the Southwestern University, of Tennessee; the University of Georgia, and Emory College, Georgia; the University of Alabama; the University of Mississippi; the Tulane University, Louisiana; the University of Texas, the Southwestern University, Texas; the College of Charleston, Wofford College, the South Carolina College, S. C., are only some of these, of which an expert, who has given the subject a careful inquiry, writes to me that "they are doing as good work in English as in any other study." It is true that some of these institutions have not a "specific chair of English" (though some of them have had for many years); but that is only for the same reason that some of them have not a specific chair of Latin or Greek—namely, the want of means to make the requisite subdivision. At any rate, English holds in these colleges the same rank as those languages, is equally required in the courses of study, and is taught—it may be presumed with equal care and ability—by professors of equal rank. And I may add, it is growing everywhere in favor and in recognized importance more rapidly, perhaps, than any other branch of study in Southern colleges. Mr. Shepherd's phrase "adequate provision" is, of course, relative; and it should be construed here not with reference to any mere ideal, but to all the surrounding conditions.

But it is with reference to "Carolina colleges" that Mr. Shepherd's judgments, and, stranger still, his facts, too, are most at fault and most likely to do injustice, as has been shown already by Professor Woodward in the case of Wofford College. He instances Randolph Macon and Washington and Lee (both Virginia colleges) as examples of "perceptible improvement since 1870"—and this stinted praise is in both cases more than deserved—while he cites the South Carolina College at Columbia, on the other hand, as an example of "neglect," because "one professor gives instruction in three languages, English, French, and German." Yet the same is true of both Randolph Macon and Washington and Lee. Nor is it true, as Mr. Shepherd implies, that this is the only teaching of English in the South Carolina College. Another professor teaches, distinctively, English literature (as also at Washington and Lee), and the two are aided by a tutor (at Washington and Lee, where the same department includes modern history also, there are two assistants, and at Randolph Macon, one). It may be added, also, that this distribution is only temporary, the "specific chair of English" having been established at the first reorganization of this college in 1880, and only awaiting the means, as in so many other Southern colleges, of calling a distinct professor.

So, too, with regard to the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, which is also charged with "neglect." Upon examining the catalogue of that institution for the last year I find that the subjects assigned by Professor Shepherd to "one gentleman" are really divided between two, and that while the first is "Professor of Moral Philosophy, History, and English Literature," the second is specifically "Instructor in English," and, it is to be presumed, devotes his entire time to this work. So that this University presents by no means so "deplorable a condition of affairs" as Professor Shepherd seems to imply. The fact that a "specific chair of English" is now called for there shows that there has been no neglect under the present instructors, but that they have at least succeeded in creating a felt de-

mand for larger and higher study in English—no small achievement under all the circumstances.

It is thus seen how far partial statements, true as far as they go, may by obvious implication do the greatest injustice, because they do not tell the whole truth. On the other hand, in the claim made for the College of Charleston as "a marked exception among Carolina colleges," it would seem to be implied by contrast that the entire teaching of its "specific chair of English" is given to instruction in English "during the four years of the collegiate course." As that college has published no catalogue nor any recent announcement from which its courses of study can be ascertained, I am unable to speak by authority; yet I am credibly informed that such is not the case—nor is it easy to see how it could be when the entire instruction is divided among five professors only. Indeed, a comparison might show that not more actual time is given to such instruction under the specific chair at Charleston than under the distributed work at Washington and Lee or Randolph Macon, which are credited only with "perceptible improvement," or in the colleges at Columbia and Chapel Hill, which are charged with "neglect." But "comparisons are odious"; and I can only regret that Professor Shepherd's have compelled this reply.

In truth, Mr. Editor, the progress of education in the South is to be judged fairly, not so much by what has been accomplished as by what is conceived, recognized, attempted under the new order of things. In nothing is the new birth of the South more evident than in the efforts of its colleges and schools. And in no department are these efforts more general, more earnest, or more hopeful than in the study of English.

Very respectfully, EDWARD S. JOYNES.
SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE,
COLUMBIA, S. C., May 11, 1885.

CABINET RESPONSIBILITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The proposal of "G. B." to put the Cabinet officers into Congress in order to enforce responsibility for bad appointments, suggests the old remedy for toothache by cutting off the patient's head, instead of simply pulling out the unsound tooth.

If the President were to let his Cabinet officers understand that they would be held responsible for bad appointments *unrevoked*, and were to enforce his warning when occasion arose, the trouble would be at an end very soon.

Considering that Mr. Cleveland is the first President since John Quincy Adams who has seemed to be really concerned in applying the test of fitness to appointments to office, it is not surprising that all of us (Cabinet officers included) are uncertain of the best means of applying the test; but it would be a public misfortune to create a belief that Presidential and Cabinet responsibility cannot be fixed without action by Congress.

B.

WASHINGTON, May 10, 1885.

THE RHODE ISLAND COLLECTORSHIP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Every believer in civil-service reform and every such well-wisher of the present Administration must regret the displacement, announced in this morning's despatches, of the Collector of Internal Revenue for this District, and the appointment of his Democratic successor.

The ex-Collector has held his position for years, and his office stands at Washington in the highest rank for efficiency and honor. He is a Republican, but, while Collector, has taken no part in political management. The most fertile

imagination cannot make him out an "offensive partisan." His office has been managed solely on business principles. Many Republicans have in the past objected to him on the sole ground that he would not be a political "worker." He was a gallant officer during the Civil War, and is a gentleman of the highest character and exceptional ability. No cause is assigned for his removal.

His successor is of good family and clean repute. He is a Democrat and an old friend of the President, and is greatly surprised at his appointment. These are his "claims."

I do not hesitate to say that no intelligent man in Rhode Island, Republican, Democrat, or Independent, looks or can look on this change as anything else than a conspicuous illustration of the doctrine—"To the victors belong the spoils." Most fair-minded men among us believed the President sincere in his professions of opposition to this doctrine, and our prominent Democrats expected no change in so highly honored an officer. If Rhode Island needs "cleaning out," as perhaps in spots it does, this was a strange place to begin.

The growing number of such cases as the above is weakening confidence in many friends of the Administration, and leading to the fear that genuine reform is far ahead. Is the President to fly in the face of his own professions, and slowly make a "clean sweep"? We fear he is.

AN OBSERVER.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 18, 1885.

[We have no means of judging how the ex-Collector's office stands at Washington, or what motives prompted the removal; but the circumstances, as related by our correspondent, seem to us to make the case anything but an exemplification of the spoils system.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. announce 'A Marsh Island,' by Sarah Orne Jewett (from the *Atlantic's* pages); and 'Talks Afield,' an illustrated volume on botany, by L. H. Bailey, of the Agricultural College of Michigan. They will also publish simultaneously with Kegan Paul & Co., London, Gen. Gordon's Diaries, edited by A. Egmont Hake.

Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston, have offered to act as treasurers of America's contribution to a memorial tablet in marble, a portrait of Carlyle by his friend C. F. Annesley Voysey, to be set on the front of the house in Cheyne Row where Carlyle lived. The sum is \$60, and sums of from ten cents to a dollar will be acceptable.

By arrangement with Mr. Longfellow's publishers, E. P. Dutton & Co. will issue for the coming season an illustrated edition of "The Village Blacksmith."

The second volume of Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge's sumptuous edition of the works of Alexander Hamilton (G. P. Putnam's Sons) consists of reports, articles, and letters on taxation and finance, which have by no means lost either value or interest. We might instance the article in the *National Gazette*, given on p. 320, discussing the theme once made popular by Mr. Jay Cooke—"A Public Debt is a Public Blessing." He quotes from his own reports as Secretary of the Treasury his doctrine that "there ought to be in every Government a perpetual, anxious, and unceasing effort to reduce that [debt] which at any time exists, as far as shall be practicable consistently with integrity and good faith." This defence of himself he published anonymously in September, 1792, not having the resource which "G. B." advocates, of taking the floor in Congress.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have published two volumes of 'Tales from Many Sources,' the tales being short and the sources (so far) all foreign. Mr. Anstey's "Black Poodle" is one of the six in volume i, and Thomas Hardy, R. L. Stevenson, W. E. Norris, Julian Sturgis, and *Blackwood* furnish the rest. In the second volume, Ouida, Charles Reade, and Hesba Stretton figure with other less-known writers. The typography is excellent and the form handy.

In 'Men of Invention and Industry' (Harpers), Dr. Smiles has returned to the field in which he won his literary reputation. A considerable part of this book has already appeared in various periodicals, while much of the remainder is occupied with accounts of persons comparatively well known. The freshest portion is that devoted to some self-taught astronomers in humble life, the most interesting of whom were a railway porter in a country town in the north of Scotland, and a man employed in counting slates in a Welsh quarry. Mr. E. T. Harland, the civil engineer, contributes a chapter on "Ship-building in Belfast." We have noticed several errors, as Geneva for Genoa, Spanish for French, and 11,000 for 1,100, which somewhat mar this reprint.

Scribner & Welford send us several volumes recently added to the Bohn Library—the third of the five volumes of Gibbs's edition of Goldsmith's Works; Grimm's 'Household Tales,' in two volumes; and Walton's 'Lives.' The Goldsmith contains the 'Citizen of the World,' after the latest edition that Goldsmith could have had an oversight of, but annotated very usefully with dates for the several letters and the varying readings; the 'Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning,' from the second edition of 1774, plus the omitted portions of the first edition; and two timely essays attributed to Goldsmith, on "The Bravery of the English Common Soldiers" and "The Character of English Officers." "The English spirit continues amongst officers as well as soldiers still the same, and requires only to be awakened," says the writer. A. H. Bullen has revised Walton's 'Lives,' and William Dowling has prefixed a memoir; and numerous steel portraits and old-style woodcuts embellish this edition very pleasantly. Mr. Andrew Lang furnishes an introduction on folk-lore to Margaret Hunt's new version of Grimm's 'Tales,' of which the main features are fidelity to the original (with the least possible softening of coarsenesses), and preservation of the author's notes, never before Englished. In other words, adult readers have been kept in mind rather than children. Mr. Lang continues his assault on the sun-myth. This edition can but meet with great favor.

To enhance the value of the display of American woods which the American Museum of Natural History makes, thanks to the liberality of Mr. Morris K. Jesup, Professor C. S. Sargent has condensed from his census volume a catalogue of the trees of this country, making a convenient octavo (D. Appleton & Co.).

Messrs. Aulme & Hornblower, authors of the plan for the National Library and Museum at Dublin, which obtained a second prize, have devised, it would appear, a new method of keeping books in order, which, if found upon trial to be successful, would greatly diminish the number of attendants necessary in a large library. "The heating pipes," they say, in their description of the plan in the *Building News*, "are all fixed in the basement, and the hot air ascending through the floors keeps the books in order." It is strange that such a remarkable, one might almost say astounding, invention should not have won them the first prize.

It is characteristic of the highest flight of the noble art of interviewing and reporting to hear

the Paris correspondent of the *London Times* talk thus in a letter dated April 22: "I have already had occasion to refer to the remark which Prince Bismarck made to me while the Berlin Congress was sitting. . . . It may also be remembered that the Sultan Abdul-Hamid, in the audience which he granted me in October, 1884, . . . asked more than once when I believed the English troops would leave Egypt. In a conversation which I had at the same time with Said Pasha he complained sharply that the Powers had imposed on Turkey the execution of onerous conditions. . . ."

Not long since we called attention to the good fortune of the University of Michigan in receiving the Lewis Art Gallery. The same institution is now about to acquire the original models in plaster of all the works of Mr. Randolph Rogers, the well-known American sculptor at Rome. Within the past fortnight a letter has been received by the Curator of the Museum at Ann Arbor, announcing that the work of packing the entire collection has begun, and that it will be conveyed as soon as practicable to the University. It consists of sixty-eight numbers, and includes models not only of the bronze doors of the Capitol at Washington, but also of the several soldiers' monuments designed by this artist, together with the monuments of Lincoln, Seward, John Adams, and others. Of the allegorical pieces, the "Lost Pleiad," the "Nydia," "Somnambula," "Victory," "Justice," "Revolution," and "Finance," are perhaps the best known. Many of the figures are of colossal size, and evidently very large space will be required for the proper display of the collection. In giving the collection to the University, Mr. Rogers is but carrying out a purpose he has long entertained.

A public document certain to be in request for its novel features is No. 345 of the Massachusetts House, touching the question of the Great Seal of the Commonwealth. The marrow of it is an essay by Mr. Wm. H. Whitmore, on the various seals of the Colony, Province, and State, accompanied by delineations of each. In its last form, the seal failed to receive the technical sanction of the Legislature, and it is now proposed to fix it by law with precise heraldic indications. So the document ends with an act, out of which the Indian of the State arms emerges in gold on a blue field, in his shirt and moccasins simply, his peaceful arrow pointing downward; the rest as in the common representations of the device, not omitting the grand old motto from Algernon Sidney.

Dante students in this country will be interested to learn that the *Harvard University Bulletin*, No. 31, contains the beginning of a list of the Dante collections at Harvard and in the Boston Public Library, with additional titles from the private collections of Professor C. E. Norton and the late George Ticknor. The present instalment ends with No. 242. Special attention is given to portraits.

No issue without a novelty appears to be the present motto of *Science*. The current number (May 15) contains a map of the territory to be reserved about Niagara Falls by the new Commissioners. Appropriate articles on the Falls accompany the map.

The inventive editors of *Mélusine*, whose task seems like that of professional fun-makers, open a new department in their issues of May 5, 30: "Béotiana." The stupidities narrated in short stories are duly labelled with the names of the places to which they are attributed, though several localities often contest the honor, showing that we are dealing with "old Joes." So it may or may not have been an inhabitant of Bourg-Saint-Andéol in the Ardèche who, when the enemy approached, crept into his oven with his spurs on. As these pricked him from behind, he cried out: "Don't kill me; I tell you I surrender."

An illustrated lexicon of Africa about to be published in Leipzig is another proof of the German interest in that continent. It will aim to give an account of all the more important works on Africa, both ancient and modern, together with the various explorations of the country, as well as the character of the climate, the soil, the fauna and flora, the productions and commerce of the different sections.

The mystery which for several months hung over the fate of the German exploring expedition in east-central Africa, under the lead of Doctor Böhm and Paul Reichard, has been dispelled by a telegram from the traveller Rohlf, now German Imperial Consul-General at Zanzibar. It refers to Reichard, to whose relatives in Wiesbaden it was sent: "Everything lost; narrowly escaped death; Böhm dead; credit Zanzibar 9,000 marks, comes June, authorizes Rohlf." The presumption is that the expedition, on its return to the coast, was attacked and overpowered by savage tribes, Reichard alone saving himself by flight, and now waiting in Zanzibar for the necessary means to effect his return to Germany.

The recent acquisitions of the French in West Africa have led the Spanish Government to enlarge its own possessions in those regions. The new territory includes the Sahara border from Cape Bogador on the north to Cape Blanco, a strip of nearly 600 miles of coast-line. On this they have already established six trading stations, and propose to occupy all the points accessible to ships. They have also acquired on the Gulf of Guinea the coast for nearly 150 miles northward from the French possessions on the Gaboon to the Campo, the southern limit of the Cameroons country recently occupied by Germany.

A large folding map of Afghanistan, edited by Gustave Freytag (Vienna: Hartleben; New York: Westermann), is to be recommended as displaying very clearly the disputed territory on the northern border. Moreover, the paper covers have been utilized for giving very pleasing woodcut views of Kabul, Kandahar, the Bolan Pass, the Soliman Mountains, etc.

The firm of Velhagen & Klasing (Bielefeld and Leipzig) have put their imprint on many popular atlases. The latest that falls under our notice is Prof. G. Droysen's 'Allgemeiner Historischer Handatlas,' of which Part I comes to us from the American publishers, B. Westermann & Co. There are to be ten of these parts at 75 cents each, cheap enough when we reckon ninety-six maps to the series. The form is a small folio, allowing in a double page an exceptional scale—24 miles to an inch in the case of Greece, for example, 12 in that of Boeotia and Attica, 54 in the case of Germany in the fourteenth century. This insures an admirable clearness in the lettering, and indeed the execution of these maps is altogether praiseworthy. Numerous specialists have made themselves answerable for their accuracy. Finally, there is an accompanying historical text. Among the numerous side maps are three showing respectively the distribution of Europeans, Chinese, and negroes—the three races, apparently, which are to inherit the earth. A shading of dots in each shows the density of these populations very effectively.

Another of those remarkable pictorial works which have made the house of Grote in Berlin famous, is just beginning to be issued in the usual form of parts. The 'Geschichte der Deutschen Kunst' (New York: Westermann) is offered as one more strand in the revived feeling of German nationality. The subdivisions in the history are German Architecture, by Dr. Robert Dohme; Sculpture, by Dr. Wilhelm Bode; Painting, by Prof. Dr. Hubert Janitschek; Copper and Wood Engraving, by Dr. Friedrich Lippmann; Art Industry, by Prof. Dr. Julius Lessing. Part I gives

a good idea of the wealth of illustration—full-page and in the text; wood-engraving and chromolithograph; facsimile, etc. Of all these modes the quality is the very best, the color work being especially noticeable. The typography is, as usual in German works of this character, faultless.

At a recent Church conference in Paris a very suggestive paper was read on "The Selection of Continental Schools," which the *Guardian* for April 22 publishes in full. The author, an English clergyman of Paris, spoke particularly of the schools of that city for girls, giving as his reason that "where one boy is sent, there are ten or fifteen girls." After saying that if parents would but take proper precautions, they need have no fear about sending their daughters there, he pointed out the dangers to be encountered under the four heads, physical, educational, moral, and spiritual. In the matter of education he admitted there was less risk than in England. "Indeed, the requirements of French law are such that the existence of an utterly sham school is impossible. For instance, no teacher who does not hold a *brevet* can be employed in a school in Paris, whether public or private. The most strict and careful inquiries are made every term, by duly appointed inspectors, into the statistics of every school." On the other points he could not speak so favorably. "The moral tone of a French school is not usually on a level with that of an English school," and the dangers of proselytism in the convent schools, where "the terms are low, the discipline good, opportunities for acquiring a refined French pronunciation excellent, and the Protestant pupils are treated with especial and extreme kindness by the Sisters," are very great.

The *Revue Critique* directs attention to a work shortly to be published at Brussels, which is said to promise most piquant revelations. The title is 'Les Dessous de l'histoire: curiosités judiciaires administratives, politiques et littéraires, recueillies et annotées par J. Horyn de Tranchère.' It is to comprise two volumes of about 450 pages each. The manuscript collections of the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg, in which that institution is especially rich as regards documents relating to the political and literary history of France, have provided the author with a large part of the material contained in the two volumes. Most of the papers are inedited, and the others are very scarce.

The seventeenth annual session of the American Philological Association, to be held in New Haven, will begin on Tuesday, July 7, and not on July 14, as previously announced.

—A correspondent writes us from Arizona:

"Permit me to call your attention to an instance of literary piracy. The story entitled 'The Knight of the Black Forest,' recently concluded in the *Century*, contains an incident—the purchase of pictures by the courier—which has been stolen bodily from a work extensively read some twenty years ago, 'Roba di Roma,' by the sculptor Story."

—As we go to press we learn with sincere regret of the death in London of Mr. Charles Welford, of the firm of Scribner & Welford, of this city. Few members of the American book-trade have been better known—personally in former years, while his home was in this country, and then and since by his letters to the *Bookbuyer*. In the first year of the *Nation's* existence (Nos. 1-37), Mr. Welford conducted the department of "Literary Notes." He was saturated with the love of books and with the knowledge of them, and was one of the most genial and accessible of men. His last visit to this country was, we think, in the summer or early autumn of 1884. His health was then precarious, and warranted fears now realized. He will be greatly missed.

—The second volume is just issued of the eight-volume octavo edition of the complete works of Gustave Flaubert, now in course of publication by Quantin—"édition définitive, revue sur les manuscrits originaux." The publication naturally follows the chronological order of the works: the first volume was 'Madame Bovary' and this is 'Salammbô.' There are a hundred readers of 'Madame Bovary' for one of 'Salammbô,' and as for the succeeding works it is hardly too much to say they will not be read by any one. But these eight handsome volumes are a suitable memorial monument to poor Flaubert, though a just judgment of him must regretfully take into account the futility, so to speak, of his latest writings. His reputation rests on 'Madame Bovary' and 'Salammbô'; the two works are almost equally remarkable, but strongly contrasted in character. In 'Madame Bovary' he drew from his observation and imagination, the book was a part of himself, and he was a part of the book—he was himself physically poisoned, he told M. Taine, by the arsenic Emma Bovary killed herself with, and he forces his reader to taste it too. In 'Salammbô' he drew from his learning and his inventiveness; and the book, the writer, and the reader stand entirely aloof from one another. It is an archaeological novel—a forerunner of Ebers—the scene being laid in Carthage in the time of the father of Hannibal. It needs, and is supplied with, five pages of glossary. Sainte-Beuve's long and careful but unsympathetic, though respectful criticism of it is in some measure the final word about it; but it should not be forgotten that, writing to Flaubert just afterward in answer to a letter from him in defence of the book, Sainte-Beuve says: "What I appreciate especially, and what every one will feel, is that elevation of mind and character which makes you take my criticism so simply, and which forces me to esteem you the more. M. Lebrun (of the Academy), a just man, said to me the other day in regard to you, 'Après tout, il sort de là un plus gros monsieur qu'auparavant.' This will be the general and final impression."

—*Multum in parvo* is the motto merited by Schröder's edition of Goethe's Dramatic Works, of which the first two volumes have appeared in Kürschner's German National Library (Stuttgart: Spemann). These are to be followed by four others, also under Schröder's charge. The seventh and final volume is to be "Faust," edited by Düntzer. When we consider the accuracy and profuseness of explanation, and the cheapness of these volumes (only two marks and a half apiece), we congratulate the present generation of readers. How hard it was only twenty years ago to read Goethe understandingly! And now perhaps there is too much of a good thing—texts with line-numbering and foot-notes, long and searching introductions that leave no dark corner in the relations between the author and his works. The first volume contains what the editor calls "confession pieces," viz.: "Die Laune des Verliebten," "Die Mitschuldigen," "Stella," etc.; also, the group of puppet-pieces and satires, e. g., "Satyros," "Götter, Helden, und Wieland," etc. Volume second contains the group of *Singspiele*, operettes, etc., etc. It will be seen, of course, that Schröder's best work is yet to come, with the volumes that will contain "Iphigenie," "Egmont," "Tasso," etc. Each of the two before us has a general introduction and an alphabetical list of words, names, and passages annotated, and each piece has its own introduction. The editor has been at great pains to keep abreast of the rushing tide of Goethe literature, notably in the *Jahrbuch*, and the impression which he makes upon us is that of a very safe guide. The only point in his treatment to which we would seriously object is his sharply-drawn line of di-

vision between Romance and Teutonic conceptions of love, in the introduction to "Stella." To Anglo-Americans the line is much less clear than it appears to Schröder. Quite a novelty is the Tiefert picture (by Krause) illustrating the characters in "Das Neueste von Plundersweilern." The text of the several pieces has been carefully prepared after a collation of the best editions. The spelling is normalized, as far as normalization would not affect pronunciation. In "Stella" the fifth act has both endings, the tragic and the non-tragic, according to the change made by Goethe himself in 1816. In the interpretation of "Satyros," the editor holds with Scherer—but not without considerable qualification—that Herder must have furnished the primary motif.

—Despondent classicists need to be reminded at times of the vast amount of capital that is yearly invested in Latin and Greek—of the enormous circulation of the more popular classical authors. Whole libraries are still projected, and, as we write, volume after volume of the Schenkl "Bibliotheca" is coming out in handsome type, and you can have Keller's Horace for a mark. Some years ago an editor of *Sallust* died, and it was recorded of him that of his popular edition of *Sallust* several hundred thousands were sold. What if one had the copyright of Caesar's 'Gallic War'? Think of a corner in *Arivovistus*! To be sure, men have been found to grumble at the predominance of these military memoirs, but grumbling is in vain. One may make epigrams like the Gauls, but one submits as the Gauls submitted. To the pedant mind Caesar has one great recommendation, and even those who cannot understand the real point of his narrative can appreciate this one great virtue. Caesar deserves the praise which he himself bestowed on Terence—he is conspicuously a *puri sermonis amator*; and while few normally constructed schoolboys ever turn back to Caesar in after years for pleasure, the importance of his diction as the basis of normal Latin is emphasized more and more. We have to wait scores of years for a decent dictionary of a great modern classic, whereas, besides the many respectable dictionaries of Caesar that we have already, in the last twelvemonth no less than three exhaustive *Lexica Caesariana* have been announced—Merguet's, Meusel's, and Menge's. The 'Lexicon *Caesarianum*' of Menge and Preuss, the first fascicle of which has reached us (Leipzig: B. G. Teubner; New York: F. W. Christern), is worked out with especial regard to economy of space, and we find in a comparatively small compass a marvellously full statement of phraseological and grammatical usage, of the readings of MSS. and the conjectures of scholars. The mechanical side is up to the highest standard of modern lexicography. It is delightfully easy to find what you want; delightfully easy to refer to it when found. The columns are counted, not the pages, and the lines are all numbered. The minuteness of the statistics may be judged of by the fact that the number of occurrences of all words except the more common particles is registered. For instance, we learn that *animadverto* in one sense occurs only once, in another sense forty-two times. The varying forms, sequences, combinations of the particles are noted in such a way as to catch the eye; and generally the compactness of the arrangement enables the student to see at a glance the class of phenomena he is investigating, whereas greater fulness of quotation might delay the survey of the whole, which is so important. Of etymological disquisition, of antiquarian research, of synonymical discrimination there is nothing, or next to nothing. The book is intended for the grammatical and phraseological specialist.

MARLOWE.—I.

The English Dramatists: The Works of Christopher Marlowe. Edited by A. H. Bullen, M.A. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. 3 vols.

MR. BULLEN is to give us, in handsome print and paper, and well and wisely seen to for the readings, all our dramatists, of about Shakspeare's time, who have earned of their after-comers the work and cost of printing. These will not be very many, and all of them will be well worth the having. "Kit" Marlowe, who may with truth be called the first of these, comes first from Mr. Bullen, and is set forth by him with gentle and tender hands. Dramatic poetry, higher up than his, had been but a worthless ooze, or a soiled and muddy trickle. He gave it a new beginning, unlike what had been before, and on another scale.

To come upon a starting-place, or a turning-place, in the life of the race of men, or of our English branch of it, is a great thing. Such a thing it is to find at Hissarlik hauberk, or helm, or shield—"exesa . . . scabra rubigine"—or at Bannockburn some little, crooked, earth-eaten bit of one of the iron caltrops that tumbled the English Edward's horses and horsemen on Scottish soil. So, too, it would be if we could come in upon unfinished work—work on its way to perfectness—of any one such mastering man as Pheidias or Zeuxis. It startles us, this day, to see, in that painting left by one of our American masters but half done, the later and larger figure coming forth, as it were, of its former self. Now, is it not much to find, in its very making, our ten-syllable blank verse—the verse of Shakspeare and Milton? This we shall find in Marlowe's plays; and these plays we shall find not unworthy of being read by those even who can feel and understand the sharpness of insight, and strength, and grace, and manifoldness that are in Shakspeare and Goethe, and the mirthfulness—rather unkindly, grim, ghastly—of the one; and of the other, frolic, neighborly and of good-fellowship.

Two little lines, most musical, and with a dainty picture in each word, have for generations drawn men's hearts toward Marlowe:

"By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals."

They are in themselves a full and rounded poem. Shakspeare, a little Marlowe's younger, borrowed these, and more, in one of his plays, and Izaak Walton, in his 'Angler,' takes in the whole piece from which they come. Poor Marlowe! Disreputable in life, and worse in death; loathed by all men professing godliness; yet must we think that his heart was not all bad, and we know that he did for our great English tongue good work, and in our tongue did good work too, and that both these works are great and lasting. Until we have well read his plays, and weighed him well, we are looking to find even more in him and them than can be found; and this because we find so much. He was the first English writer of true plays; and as Lucretius, first of Roman writers, made great poetry for his own use, to give philosophy through it to his countrymen, much in the same way, though less, did Marlowe. Besides this work—besides his plays and the verse in which he wrote them, and his easy ten-syllable rhyme, and that one melodious madrigal which all readers of English have loved from boyhood, and besides, through all, his strong and swift imagination—if all this be not enough, there is nothing worthy in the man, or in what he did, to give him hold upon the memory of men. Yet when we say "Poor Marlowe!" as men used to say "Poor Burns!" (and for all the self-same reasons, and for others too), we say it with the assured feeling that Marlowe, though nothing like so great as Burns, is great enough

to take and stand by what belongs to him in fair and equal weighing, though his bad weigh heavily. He has, at the same time, as one feels sure, enough of manhood to need and crave, if he could speak, some good and kindly thought from fellow-men, and has, as poet—and even as man—good right to it.

Marlowe could never claim, like Burns, to have held fast to, and carried safely through whatever filthiness of drinking and debauchery, a great deal of the best manliness of this human nature that we all are made in, and in which we feel each other, and take from one another the push of thought and feeling. He cannot claim, like Burns, to have used whatever he had of that best manliness for the good of the rest of men, and to have given to it melodious utterance for all coming time. Marlowe had not so large possession in the great faculties and great feelings of humanity. Then that true pitch of our frame, in which fun of the higher and finer sort, or of the broader and heartier sort, but, in whatever sort, true fun (that merriness of the happy fitting together of our being) shows itself so readily in liking and in kindly laughter, and in which, as readily, fellow-feeling, sorrow-sharing, shows itself in loving tears and tears of hurt and wrong—was almost wanting in him. From Burns the fun and fellow-feeling were running over on all sides, and at all times almost—sad, serious, and merry, all at once.

Yet feeling, strong and fine, was not wanting in Marlowe. This his "Tragicall History of Doctor Faustus" shows, in *Faustus* and in the scholars and others, beyond all gainsaying. So, too, the episode of *Olympia*, in "Tamburlaine," and *Zenocrate*, and better (though there is too little of her) *Abigail*, the Jew's daughter—these all show the respect which he could understand and, we may hope, feel for what in woman is lovely and becoming; and nothing witnesses more strongly than this that the finer and better nature was somewhere in this poet, at least at some times. If he has few women in his plays, and if his writing is very far from free from a bad taint, which the times unhappily allowed, he does not riot in the befouling of that better sex whose goodness is our best possession and whose badness is the deadliest bane to men.

Of Marlowe's plays, "Tamburlaine the Great" must have come in upon the English stage as a new thing; and, in spite of faults of its author and in spite of its own faults, it must have come as something wonderful. The play-goers wondered and applauded much, laughed a little, and the play was called for, and crowds went to it, for a hundred nights, before they had had enough of it. So the author wrote a Second Part, very much of a piece with the First. That was the earliest English play that, for the character, and for what was said, and for the way of saying it, was worth the being recalled to the stage, or being remembered; and that play was the first work in which our English blank verse, living, and strong, and large, was used—as noble, sometimes, as any that came later.

When Marlowe was stirred with the great thought of giving to his English fellow-countrymen plays lofty as the old Greek plays, and in becoming language, the huge shape of Timour Lenk—Timour the Limper—stalking over some thousand leagues of the world, this way and that, and overcoming all the Eastern lands, almost, caught the player-poet's eye. That Timour had been, in his flesh and blood and whatever else helped to his making, a man of boundless ambition, of very great power over men, of wondrous quickness in gathering hosts, and strength in holding them together, of most uncommon skill in planning, and downright might in doing in leaguer and field of battle. Killing, breaking-down, laying waste—the man was, for hardness

of head, hard-heartedness, hardness and heaviness of hand, worse, if anything, and on a vastly larger scale, than Horace's Achilles, in ruthless wrong and cruelty: "Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer, Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat armis." Timour Lenk, therefore—to Englishmen, "Tamburlaine"—such as he was, and with crowds of kings be-crowned and be-dizened with purple and crimson and satin and velvet, and fettered, withal, walking before and behind him, and sometimes harnessed, by relays, and under the whip, to his triumphal car, Marlowe took. This was an heroic figure for a great play of five acts, for speech of a new sort, on a new scale; and gave chances for shows upon the stage, to catch and refresh those who wearied of much speech better than their wonted talk. His hope and plan the poet sets forth thus, in the Prologue:

"We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine
Threatening the world in high astounding terms,"

and he meant to lead away

"From juggling strains of rhyming mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay."

In this he succeeded, and so well as to make all those of our own tongue who love work of imagination and verse, good and fitting, from that time downward, debtors to him.

In these two plays—the First and Second Parts of "Tamburlaine the Great"—the love in our hearts, it is true, is scarcely touched; the higher and finer feelings are seldom, if they are ever, called out; it would be hard to find a lofty, noble, or kindly sentiment from the beginning to the end of them. If one is interested, it is not that one likes the hero or any single one of the other men in them. By way of relief to the throng of men, and those mostly Scythians, Persians, Turks, doing nothing else than quarrelling, fighting, and bragging, one woman, *Zenocrate*, is carried through a play and a half, and, though not strongly drawn, lightens the action and makes all less unkindly. *Olympia*, taken suddenly into the Second Part, after *Zenocrate*'s death, and not too suddenly killed off out of it, is well drawn, though not new, and helps to the same end. Plautus's "Captivi," without a woman in it, is interesting throughout, for there is nobleness and faith and trustiness even to death, and the plot unfolds itself with beautiful exactness. In neither part of "Tamburlaine" is there anything that we can call plot, and the heroic barbarians would be insufferably tiresome to us, without at least so much of a gentler element brought in as these women bring.

For others, such as they are (not much to our liking), *Tamburlaine* is strongly drawn, for what the author meant him, and is kept to his level always; and the generals, emperors, kings, and the rest are of the same stuff, cut to slightly different patterns, and of somewhat different sizes. The tongue that they speak is much the same for all, and all are so filled, to their very tongue-tips, with classical mythology (of all things in the world) that we cannot but wonder after the methods of the schools where these stalking barbarian slaughterers were made so glib in this smattering of scholarship. Acheron and Phlegethon and Styx and Erebus and Tartarus and Tantalus and the ugly Ferryman, and the Fatal Sisters and Jove and Janus and Cupid, Apollo, Cynthia, Juno, Bellona, Troy, Tenedos, Phœbus, Corinna, Lesbia, Boreas, Boötes, Hermes, prolocutor of the gods, come out of the mouths of any of them as readily as day and night and rain and sunshine. Marlowe, if not a very accurately learned man, had taken his bachelor's and master's degrees in arts, at Cambridge, and knew enough to put into English, out of Latin, a great deal that he might better have left where it was when he found it.

The "Tragicall History of Doctor Faustus," of

which Goethe, who owed it nothing, spoke highly, has certainly not a little in it that ought to live; and *Faustus*, though steadily kept down to the level of the vulgar, legendary, and though not so strong or interesting as Goethe's *Faust*, is less hard to like or to forgive than *Faust*. The upheaving, wrenching, twisting, squeezing strength of Goethe in "Faust," the uncouthness, or the rugged homeliness of words; the loftiness, the floating grace, the witchery of melody; the pitiable weakness, the hopeless sadness, the flash of wit, the human heart set down bare before us, and showing all its working to our eyes; the never-wearying changefulness of the measure—of all these, little in the same kind, perhaps, is to be found in Marlowe's "Faustus"; but there is what will touch the heart and leave it better. There is enough to show that this author was not all bad, or always bad.

"Edward the Second" might have been called "The Tragedie of Piers Gaveston," and has several characters—as *Gaveston*, the *Queen*, and the *King*—well discriminated and well kept up (although the last is often over-drawn); but as the chief character is one that we do not like to think of or know about, and there is not one noble scene or person in the play, it could not be great, nor could it hold a good place in our liking or our memory. The better kingliness that comes upon *Edward* in wretchedness, and in meeting death, is well done, being done by one who had a real share of the true insight.

"The Jew of Malta" has some strong character-drawing and good scenes, and it has, unhappily, some absurd and preposterous character-drawing and scenes. The Turkish *Admiral* and *Abigail*, the Jew's daughter, are admirable, as far as they go, but are each cut clean out of the play after a short life in it. "The Massacre of Paris" has some pretty sharp and clever work to have gone with stronger and better, but was never filled out to full proportions of a play. "The Tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage," shows some beautiful passages and some very bad things—bad even for pagans. It cannot, for a moment, stand, as a poem, beside Virgil's account of Dido's tragedy, and wants a good deal to make it into a substantial play. The bad parts do not in any way help, nor were they in any way needed. Not one of all these that we have run over is without strength or beauty, more or less.

RECENT NOVELS.

Trajan. By Henry F. Keenan. Cassell & Co.
Miss Brown. By Vernon Lee. Harper's Franklin Square Library.

Matt: a Tale of a Caravan. By Robert Buchanan. D. Appleton & Co.

Pilot Fortune. By M. C. L. Reeves and Emily Read. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A Carpet Knight. By Harford Flemming. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Roslyn's Fortune. By Christian Reid. D. Appleton & Co.

Stories by American Authors. Vol. X. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Die Sebalds. Roman aus der Gegenwart. Von Wilhelm Jordan. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt; New York: B. Westermann & Co. 1885.

"SHE'LL vish there was more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'," replied Sam to the elder Weller's objection to the "rather sudden pull-up" of the valentine. It is a pity that the author of 'Trajan' should not have made Sam's maxim his own, and extended its application to the art of novel-writing. Not that all exhaustive

novels are bad, nor all brief novels good, but here is a very fair one almost buried out of sight by an accumulation of worthless superfluity. Most conspicuously destructive of the narrative are the moral, social, and philosophical asides, elaborately Latinized commonplaces. Next, and more actively disagreeable, is the running accompaniment of criticism, favorable, disparaging, explanatory. It is as if the author were always saying, as he often does say in substance: "Ladies and gentlemen, here you may think my hero a fool: I have not so drawn him unaware; here you probably do not appreciate the splendor of his achievements: let me make it plain to your dull wits." Apropos of similar interruptions of narrative, Fielding announced: "I intend to digress throughout this whole history as often as I see occasion, of which I am a better judge than any pitiful critic whatever." Thackeray, too, was prone to such diversions. There can be no sort of doubt that Mr. Keenan has studied these authors to his advantage; but, in the matter of permissible digression, they have led him into error. One may speculate, if a person of endless leisure, whether Fielding and Thackeray would have been greater as novelists had they preached and criticised less; but there is no question about Mr. Keenan. He has a talent for writing romantic fiction; he can construct a plot, conceive rather brilliant and original characters, and carry them successfully through severe trials; he commands a wealth of picturesque and poetical expression. But his reflections only serve to annoy the average reader, who could reflect just as profoundly, if he wanted to, without assistance; his criticisms, as it is seen, only deprive the critics of the luxury of praise and force them to the ungracious task of censure.

There are other reasons still which check our desire for more from the author of 'Trajan.' Everything is in excess—incident, characterization, dialogue. For such extravagance, the scene, Paris, the time, the last year of the Second Empire, offer temptation, if not excuse. In life there and then a man may have been thrust into an exciting situation every day; he may have experienced wild and novel emotions every hour; but it is the business of the novelist to select those which develop his characters and lead up to his climax, and to reject all others. Mr. Keenan's disregard of this elementary canon amounts to contempt. He exhausts ingenuity and bewilders the reader in providing occasions for the display of his sentimental hero's daring and chivalry in love and war. Not content with a dozen situations, strong, effective, and dramatic, he persists in upsetting gravity by such overwrought melodrama as *Trajan's* adventure with two damsels, one coward knight, and a millionaire's bull. He is not satisfied with what portrays *Trajan* as a clever and ardent young man, with much spirit, tenderness, and courage; he converts him at times into a travesty of Galahad. In the same way he overweights the portraiture of Miss Theo Carnot, who is the most distinctly and consistently drawn of any of the host marshalled through the pages. It is perhaps not possible that a woman so brilliant and unscrupulous could have stopped short of depravity. But even if it be at the expense of actuality, it is to be scored to the author's credit that he has excited the liveliest contempt for this person, without resorting to the conventional and popular method of holding a woman up to contumely. And though he exposes unsparingly the rottenness beneath the glitter of Napoleon's court, the book is clean and healthy from first to last; it is quite free from the offensiveness of a mind that confounds knowledge of the world with knowledge of its sin alone.

By contrast the novel 'Miss Brown' seems to be founded on this common misapprehension of

the phrase, "to know the world." Vernon Lee is a clever, bold, and brilliant writer, who has successfully rid herself of the trammels of sex in literature. Unfortunately she has not the taste and discretion which command her to stop. She is a trifle too bold; like many of her characters, whom, professing to scorn, she drains the language to describe, she is just a little too advanced and fleshly. We are inclined to believe that her study of mediæval and seventeenth-century manners has led her to exaggerate the importance and interest of the personal debauchery of a limited class, and that eventually she will rise to a clear perception of its relative position in the history of human life and of the value of higher things. We have to do, however, with what she now is, and not with what she may be. Her novel is for the most part an elaborate and mirthless caricature of a phase of social life which, as far as it exists or ever has existed, is itself a caricature of an idea. The notoriety of that inconsiderable portion of London society denominated aesthetic has been won by its intellectual affectation, frivolity, and uncleanness. Whatever may be the reason, none but a profound and gentle humorist can write of such a group without making the uncleanness most prominent. Vernon Lee is not profound, she is not gentle, she is before all things not a humorist. She is hard, cold, clear-headed. The contaminating influence upon her mind of the group she has chosen to write about is shown by her minute analysis of its puerilities and viciousness, by the absence in her novel of one touch of tenderness or pathos or heartfelt sympathy with simple, kindly impulses.

Anne Brown unquestionably embodies her ideas of moral strength and beauty in woman, and there is no fault to be found with the strength at least of the presentation until we come to the last act in the drama. She is of the people, the child of a Scotch father and an Italian mother. She is introduced as nursery-maid in the shiftless household of an English artist living in Italy. Here she is informally adopted by another artist, Hamlin. His immediate intention is to educate the girl; his remote dream, to marry her. Hamlin is at this period an attractive though jaded person, and Anne accepts his guardianship in preference to that of an unmannerly but upright Scotch cousin. Her voluntary choice is important, since it destroys the argument that she was indebted to Hamlin for her only chance to rise from servitude, "to gain a soul." Education develops in her much shrewdness and positiveness as well as soul, and very soon she comes to despise the soft-sighing, lying artist and poet spirits by whom she is in due time surrounded. Concomitant with the process of her elevation is that of Hamlin's degradation. The change in him is unexpected and arbitrary, since he is subjected to no influences novel enough or powerful enough to convert a sufficiently lovable young man into a detestable one. Yet, when the author has circumstantially proved him to be a monster, when Anne has got so far as to recognize that he is "wholly without moral nerves or moral muscle," the girl is permitted to marry him on the plea of gratitude for past favors.

This silly and hackneyed dénouement has more significance than when employed by the emancipated woman novelist. It is utterly trivial to say, as has been said, that the author has meant only to present a debatable question. No discussion is possible, nor is it probable that the author had any design beyond finishing her story in the way seeming to her most fitting. There is nothing to comment on but her weakness and blindness in finding it most fitting. Every novelist worthy of the name is felt to be writing up to some strong conception of beauty and excellence. The standards in social ethics erected

by able novelists perceptibly influence the standards which many people, especially women, think they erect for themselves. Therefore, when so convincing a writer creates such an intolerable situation and condones it if she does not admire it, she does a very foolish thing, bad in itself, worse in its possible indirect effect. It is a little ludicrous, too, when we recall in her 'Countess of Albany' the emphatic disapproval of the law which may bind an ignorant young girl for life to a "drunken brute," her pet synonym for the Young Pretender. In language she truckles to propriety even less than in much of her sentiment, and seems to fear that literature and life must suffer disaster should she in any doubtful case prefer the language of the drawing-room to that of the slums. Much of the fiction of the last century was coarse, more of this is vulgar. Heaven forbid that Vernon Lee should have initiated an era of combined coarseness and vulgarity.

'Matt' is a very bright and amusing bit of narrative. It has none of the extravagant scenes and descriptions which are scattered through Mr. Buchanan's longer stories. The pleasant personality of the young artist who goes gipsying in a caravan shines through all his erratic behavior, and Matt, whenever she appears, manages to conduct herself with the cool independence which may naturally belong to a girl who "wasn't born at all, but come ashore." The events of the last chapter are hurried, and the reader has to give up trying to reconcile the very unprincipled Mr. Monk's knowledge that Matt was true heir to all his acres with his ignorance of the existence of the fatal prayer-book and the marriage lines. The puzzle, however, is not so annoying as to detract from the pleasure of a story told directly and frankly for the story's sake.

Another pretty but more ambitious and less self-contained story than 'Matt' is 'Pilot Fortune.' The scene is laid on Bryer Island, which is little more than a sea-beaten rock near the entrance to the Bay of Fundy. The scenery of the Nova Scotian shore, and the morning, noon, and night aspects of ocean and sky are overwritten, but, nevertheless, there are descriptive passages of marked freshness and spirit. The people of the history, excepting the hero, are not natives of the island. He does not talk dialect, or chew tobacco perpetually, or live in his weather-worn sou'wester, or indeed indulge in any of the unpleasant habits which story-tellers would have us believe are inseparable from a native of a fishing village. Stephen Ferguson's English, manners, and clothes are good; he is manly, honest, and refined, and we wish the author had told us how he came to Bryer Island, and still further why he stayed there. If it is hardly probable that a New York man of leisure should desire to marry a girl whose face was her fortune, whose only visible relative was a cross old woman living alone on a windy hill, and should ask not a question about her antecedents, it is not too improbable for purposes of romance. But such rashness is not consistent with his conventional dismay when accident reveals the history of Millicent's father. His unhappy certainty that she will be recognized in the world as a notorious criminal's daughter, and scorned and flouted because of forgery committed by her father nearly a score of years gone by, is very weak and a little droll. It implies in the author an exaggeration of the world's stern virtues and a depreciation of its generosity. The character of Millicent, like that of Urquhart, is not a logical conception, but it has abundant grace, and the scene in which she sends away her half-hearted lover is strikingly delicate and expressive. Miss Ursula's recognition of her old lover in Urquhart's guardian, Raymond, is a disfiguring episode. It is not necessary to the plot, and is a cheap trick,

marring the general effect of sincerity and simplicity.

It is very easy for a critic to say decidedly, "half the novels that are printed have absolutely no reason for existence"; but if he be honest and patient, he must generally concede that the author worked with some definite end in view. In two novels, 'The Carpet Knight' and 'Roslyn's Fortune,' not a trace of rational purpose is discoverable. They are not alike at all, except in their inanity. 'The Carpet Knight' is made up of chatter: to call it conversation were profanity. This chatter is pretty evenly distributed among a dozen or so of people who live in Philadelphia, and one or two who go over there occasionally from Boston and New Rochelle, whence they were doubtless temporarily exiled by neighbors having a share of that irascibility which accompanies moderate intelligence. It is barely possible that the author had an inspiring idea—no other than to sing again the joys and splendors of the "Assembly," a sacred institution for which, as is well known in polite circles, Philadelphia exists. When will that bard arise bold enough and strong enough to recite the woes of the Philadelphian Peri against whom the gates of the Philadelphian Paradise must ever remain closed?

For 'Roslyn's Fortune' no such plausible excuse can be raked up. It is a Southern story with a lame plot, which might end any way, or might just as well not end at all. The characters and descriptions would fit into several of the author's former novels, or indeed into almost any of the volumes of sentimental, diffuse fiction which have appeared in the last quarter of a century. They are the work of benevolent, half-awake women, prone to piety and twaddle. If they could be suppressed, it would be an act of mercy to the weak girls who read them, and whose light mental equipment is damaged by the false notions derived from them of any kind or condition of life.

The tenth volume of "Scribner's Short Stories" completes the series. "Young Moll's Peavy," by C. A. Stephens, and "A Daring Fiction," by H. H. Boyesen, are the best of the number, and among the best of the whole collection. The first is a swift, vividly told tragedy, and in the second Mr. Boyesen makes the most of a farcical situation. "The Ablest Man in the World," by E. P. Mitchell, is cleverly written, but the impossibility of the incident is so obtrusive as to detract from thorough enjoyment. If there is any reason for preserving such a composition as "Manmat'ha," it must be to show what may be done in the way of combining sentences, quite intelligible in themselves, so as to make a chapter of meaningless nonsense. If that is the object, it could not have been more successfully accomplished.

Just why an elderly poet and antiquarian, who had won a fair reputation in both these fields, should take it into his head to write a contemporary novel, it would be hard to guess. Yet this is what Mr. W. Jordan has done, with such results as his worst enemy could hardly have wished. The book has no plot, and the incidents are either preposterous or of threadbare familiarity. Such defects, indeed, are not fatal, for many novels are entertaining in spite of them, but Mr. Jordan's novel is like the "jumping frog"—however lively it might have been, so many religious and anti-religious discussions have been crammed into it as to overpower the sprightliest legs. Yet the plan of the book is so curious as to excite a certain interest, in spite of its absurdity and the terrible amount of extraneous matter in the way of its development. The hero is a Protestant clergyman, and that the reader may understand how intense is his sectarian feeling, the family history is given in detail from the time of the ancestor who stood by Luther's side when he

nailed his thesis on the church door, since which date the head of the family had always been a clergyman. At the time of the Thirty Years' War, however, a branch had acquired wealth and rank by apostasy to the true Church, a change involving a social breach which had never healed. To emphasize the contrast, the only child of the head of the Catholic branch is made as bigoted and superstitious as a woman can be. The ingredients for the first experiment having been thus prepared, they are brought together by a meeting of the young people in a wild part of Switzerland, where the lady opportunely falls into the crevasse of a glacier, to be rescued, of course, by her heretic kinsman, and at the same time to be possessed by a semi-religious passion for him. But after exchanging vows they separate, and the girl goes with her father on a business journey to the United States.

Here she falls in with the first lover's brother, who is an astronomer and geologist of great profundity, but at the same time a prudent accumulator of dollars, of which he has already acquired a large store. His opinions are as much in advance of the parson's as the latter's were ahead of the young lady's, he being, in fact, an evolutionary materialist. Her admiration for him is naturally in proportion to the heterodoxy of his views, and as he is able to match the glacier scene with a rescue from a sinking steamer, the honors are easy. The clergyman, meantime, is rapidly catching up with his brother's opinions, and a beautiful and enormously rich Jewess is converted by his eloquence, while his professional career is ruined by an intrigue in which only Jesuits and clumsy pietists have an equal share. The absurdity of the closing chapters is so great that were it not that there has hitherto been not a sign of humor in the book, one would suppose the author had intended the whole as a burlesque. Thus, the relatives of the two young women accept their changed views without the least hesitation; but as no priest will bless their union, they marry themselves after the manner of the ancient Germans.

BERLIOZ.

Autobiography of Hector Berlioz, from 1803 to 1869. Comprising his Travels in Italy, Germany, Russia, and England. Translated by Rachel Holmes and Eleanor Holmes. 2 vols. Macmillan.

FOR amateurs of music, Berlioz's *Autobiography* is beyond question the most fascinating book ever written; and even those who have but a vague notion of this art, may read it with keen interest. Vivid descriptions of travels and romantic adventures, spicy dialogues, incisive criticisms, an irony as subtle and charming as Heine's, suggestive remarks on musical aesthetics and on the art of instrumentation, reminiscences of contemporary artists and men of letters, glimpses of Bohemian life and the thoughts and emotions of an impulsive genius—all this and much more may be found in these memoirs. Indeed, it seems unquestionable at the present date that in the estimation of posterity Berlioz will rank much higher as a writer than as a composer. While no one can help admiring the brilliantly colored garb in which he has clothed his musical scores, it is now generally admitted that his ideas are too few and that he lacked the gift of spontaneous conception. His criticism, rather than his musical works, helped to secure for instrumental music in France a general attention which was not previously accorded it. His services in France in promoting the understanding of Gluck, Weber, and especially Beethoven were great; and by his tirades against the sensuous and flimsy Italian music of the day, and the exclusive prima-donna

worship (at the expense of the composer and his ideals) based upon it, he achieved for France what Wagner did for Germany, though not so effectively, as he had not the advantage of Wagner's creative powers to enforce his views. His boldness, both literary and musical, provoked much hostile criticism among his colleagues; and, though he made it a rule never to answer adverse criticism, every sting he received served as an electric shock, stimulating his wit, sarcasm, and eloquence. The verbatim accounts he gives of his critical duels with Cherubini, Boieldieu, and others are exquisite specimens of repartee and stratagem. He was especially severe on old fogies, like Fétis, who allowed themselves to mutilate the scores of Beethoven and other masters in order to bring them into harmony with their own notions of the theory of music. As long as leading composers indulged in such vicious practices, it was not to be wondered at that orchestral players and opera singers embellished the simple melodies of the composers in a way which often drove Berlioz to the verge of insanity.

The most puzzling fact concerning Berlioz's literary labors is that by his own testimony they were exceedingly irksome to him. "I have to return to the charge eight or ten times before I can finish an article for the *Journal des Débats*," he says, "and it takes me quite two days to write one, even when I like the subject and am interested by it. And then, what erasures and what scrawls! You should see my first copy. Musical composition comes natural to me, and is a delight; but prose-writing is a labor." Yet it is a psychological axiom that an author can give pleasure only by what he writes with pleasure; why, then, do we enjoy reading Berlioz's articles? Perhaps the puzzle can be solved in this way. The labor which he found so irksome was the writing of fugitive critical notices, in which he was compelled to veil his real opinions under vague eulogistic phrases, when he felt more like raving against the commonplaces and imbecilities he was compelled to listen to. This view is borne out by the confessions he makes in volume i, page 300: "And yet what wretched circumspection am I not forced to use! What circumlocution to evade the expression of the truth! What concessions to social relations and even to public opinion, what suppressed rage, what gulps of shame." And again, volume ii, p. 155: "But everlastingly to write *feuilletons* for one's bread—to write nothings about nothings—to bestow lukewarm praises on insupportable insipidities—to speak one day of a great master and the next of an idiot, with the same gravity, in the same language!" etc.

Whatever may have been true regarding his *feuilletons*, his Autobiography certainly was written *con amore*; for here he takes no pains to hide his opinions, and often "writes with a dagger instead of a pen." He had a passion for travelling which is not common to his countrymen; and having secured the Grand Prix de Rome, he was enabled to gratify this passion at an early age. The story of his adventures and experiences in Italy constitutes the most interesting part of the memoirs; but his remarks on music in Italy are calculated to astonish those who still cling to the peculiar notion that the Italians are the most musical nation in the world. Berlioz, on the contrary, says:

"I am much inclined to regard them as more inaccessible to the poetical side of art, and to any conception at all above the common, than any other European nation. Now, we French, mean and contemptible musicians as we are, although we are no better than the Italians when we furiously applaud a trill or a chromatic scale by the last new singer, and miss altogether the beauty of some

grand recitative or animated chorus, yet at least we can listen, and if we do not take in a composer's ideas it is not our fault. Beyond the Alps, on the contrary, people behave in a manner so humiliating, both to art and to artists, whenever any representation is going on, that I confess I would as soon sell pepper and spice at a grocer's in the Rue St.-Denis as write an opera for the Italians—nay, I would sooner do it."

At Milan he went to hear Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore," and found the theatre full of people talking at the top of their voices, with their backs to the stage; the singers all the while shouting and gesticulating in eager rivalry. He speaks of the "anti-musical atmosphere" of Rome; and found that instrumental music had hardly any existence, the words symphony and overture being used in Rome "to designate a certain noise which the orchestra makes before the curtain rises, and to which no one ever listens." Finally, we may cite his clever hit at church and dramatic music: "I have often heard the overture of the 'Barbiere,' 'Cenerentola,' and 'Otello' in church. They seemed to be special favorites with the organists, and formed an agreeable seasoning to the service. The music in the theatres is in much the same glorious condition, and is as dramatic as that of the churches is religious." Matters have not greatly altered in these respects since Berlioz wrote these words, although a breath of fresh air is at present coming down from the north.

The criticisms just quoted show that, although it may be incorrect to speak of a "Wagner-Berlioz school" in a musical sense, the phrase is correct in a polemic sense. With Schumann they both abhorred the "self-evident" character of Italian melody, the monotony of its rhythms, and the worship of mechanical, ignorant, applause-seeking vocalists. Two other points of resemblance between Berlioz and Wagner are that both had a great power of literary expression, and that Berlioz, like Wagner, wrote some of his own texts. In their instrumentation they approach each other rather in the great command of technique each exhibits than by any similarity of results. Berlioz gives some interesting hints as to how he acquired his great skill in treating the orchestra. He carefully studied the scores of Beethoven, Weber, Spontini; when he went to the opera, he took along the score, and read it during the performance, and he used to ask artists at the Opéra to make experiments for him when he was in doubt. It was thus that he was led to perceive the "subtle connection which exists between musical expression and the special art of instrumentation; but no one ever pointed this out to me." It is curious to note here a difference of opinion between the two greatest masters of instrumentation the world has seen, regarding the relative value of vocal and instrumental sounds for securing variety of effect. Berlioz asserts (volume ii, 116) "that one wearies of this fine sonority [of vocal bodies] far more quickly than of that of the orchestra, the *timbre* of voices being less varied than that of instruments. This is easily understood: there are only four kinds of voices, while the number of instruments is upward of thirty." Wagner, on the other hand, asserts ('Gesammelte Schriften,' vol. iv. p. 209) that the vocal organ is capable of assuming an infinite variety of tone qualities, in comparison with which "the utmost possible variety in the mixtures of orchestral clang-tints must seem paltry."

The translation of the present volumes is on the whole clear and readable. The footnotes and comments which the translators have taken the liberty to insert, are generally silly and always uncalled for. They should be omitted in subsequent editions, and a good index introduced in their place.

West African Islands. By A. B. Ellis. London: Chapman & Hall. 1885. Pp. viii, 352. 8vo.

MAJOR ELLIS has taken advantage of the new interest in West Africa which the colonization schemes of the various European Powers has awakened, to describe the principal islands that lie along the coast. He writes from a personal knowledge gained through numerous voyages, and gives, together with a few of the important historical events connected with each island visited, an account of its physical features, its inhabitants, and the chief points of interest to the traveller. His opening chapter is devoted to St. Helena, of which he has little new to say, and from thence he follows the coast northward as far as Madeira. Ascension, the island lying nearest to St. Helena, by a peculiar fiction of the British Admiralty, to whom it belongs, "is called a ship, and is enrolled in the list of ships in commission under the title of 'the tender to H. M. S. *Flora*.'" It is, in fact, simply a sanitarium for seamen, though why it should have been chosen for such a purpose it is hard to say, since it is utterly barren, producing nothing but turtles, with no water supply and without a safe harbor. It seems to have a more prosperous future, however, before it, as the volcanic rock of which it is composed is rapidly decaying and a rich soil is being formed, the cultivation of which will completely change the whole aspect of the island. Curiously enough, while this process of decomposition is going on, the limestone rock is being formed on the sandy beaches so rapidly that turtles' eggs are cemented into it, according to the popular belief, "before the sun has time to hatch them." Much more attractive than this desolate spot is the island of Fernando Po, which lies just off the delta of the Niger. Clothed with magnificent forests, and having a soil so wonderfully fertile that "the cocoa is said to pay here a year sooner than elsewhere," its great natural and commercial resources remain undeveloped under the rule of the Spaniards, who seem to use it "principally as a place of exile for political prisoners." The island is crowned by Clarence Peak, 10,100 feet high, while from the water's edge on the mainland, nineteen miles distant, the Cameroons Peak rises 13,760 feet, making for one who sails between them a scene of unrivalled beauty. There is little of interest in the next group of islands described, the Isles de Los, and the author takes advantage of this to give at length his views on the missionary work among the Africans, which in his opinion is worse than useless. For a similar reason, his chapters on the Cape Verde Islands are chiefly filled with personal adventures, which we have not found entertaining.

A mile from the promontory of Cape Verde is a black basaltic rock, 300 feet high, three-quarters of a mile long, and a quarter of a mile broad in the widest part, every available portion of which is covered with houses and fortifications. These are inhabited by a motley throng of 3,000 Europeans, Arabs, Mandingos, "tall and stately Jolloffs (the only really black race in West Africa)," and negroes from Sierra Leone. This island, Goree, was originally occupied by the Dutch as a trading station when it was dangerous to form a settlement on the mainland, but has now been held for many years by the French for the same purpose. With the more pacific attitude of the natives, however, the reason for its maintenance has disappeared, and the new settlement of Dakar on the opposite shore will probably soon absorb the business of Goree, especially as the latter possesses neither harbor nor safe anchorage. At this point Major Ellis utters a note of warning in regard to the great increase of French influence in these parts within the last few years. He be-

lieves, and certainly recent facts would seem to justify his conviction, that their object is "to form a vast African colony extending from Algeria on the north to the peninsula of Sierra Leone on the south." With their advance the British influence and trade decline. This may have very serious consequences to English industries, for this part of West Africa is an open country, penetrated by numerous navigable rivers, and inhabited by intelligent tribes who can read and write Arabic and work in metals, and with whom trade will probably prove very profitable.

The Canary Islands have a greater interest than any of the others on this coast. Their history contains more striking and romantic episodes. The chief town, Las Palmas, possesses some good buildings, including a fine cathedral, a theatre, and a Palace of Justice. The inhabitants, too, are industrious, and under any other rule than the Spanish, except the Portuguese, would probably greatly increase the productions of the islands, as "the climate is so equable that both the fruits of the temperate and torrid zones arrive at great perfection, the oranges of Grand Canary being particularly good." On Tenerife the prickly pear is cultivated for the sake of the cochineal insect, and in the spring of the year each leaf has to be swathed in linen to prevent the insect from being blown off by the wind or washed off by the rain. Terrace gardens are numerous, the soil being brought on the backs of camels from the interior. A chapter is devoted to an account of the ascent of the Peak of Teneriffe, a climb not unattended with danger, and, of course, the miraculous island, St. Brandon, has due attention. Major Ellis quotes from the affidavits of the islanders who have been privileged to see it. A Franciscan monk, for instance, deposes that the outline "appeared to him to be marvellously like unto the head and shoulders of the blessed St. Anthony, playing upon a dulcimer." But a fisherman who saw it at the same time says, that "to his more carnal eyes the island assumed the appearance of the head of a mule, playing upon a flute." The closing chapters are upon Madeira, but contain nothing of especial note.

Major Ellis writes easily and pleasantly, and his book is fairly entertaining. We are bound to say, however, that one finds in it a few passages and stories better suited to the mess-table than to the miscellaneous readers of a book of travels. Its value as a book of reference to the numerous places described is seriously diminished by the want of an index.

Russia under the Tsars. By Stepniak, author of 'Underground Russia'; formerly editor of *Zemlia i Volia*. Authorized edition. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885. Also, Harper's Franklin Square Library.

"THE reader who peruses 'Stepniak's' book without partisan bias, is often tempted to doubt the faithfulness of the picture," we said in our review of 'Underground Russia' (*Nation*, No. 945). That temptation is even stronger in reading the book before us. There was "exaggeration and legendary embellishment" in the author's portraits of the heroes and heroines of revolutionary destruction to whose glorification his earlier work was mainly devoted; but such glorification has its natural limits, and the number of the glorified is small. But a tableau of horrors and heartless oppression, the subject of which is as vast as Russia under the heel of autocracy, offers an incomparably wider scope to partisan coloring, and the bias of hatred is more powerful and seductive than the partiality of admiration. And "Stepniak" is a thorough hater. Besides, the new book seems to have been prepared or completed in haste, as if on the demand of a publisher who found the moment

particularly favorable for a publication of this character. Under a like stimulus, Marvin's 'The Russians at the Gates of Herat,' as he says, was "written and got out in eight days." To haste in finishing, expanding to fit, translating, and revising may charitably be attributed a good deal of diffuse talk, of unpruned rhetoric, of unpleasant sameness, in "Stepniak's" new sketches—not to speak of the shocking transliterations of Russian names or of the countless misprints.

But exaggeration, pardonable in a combatant; looseness of statement where accuracy would be very desirable, but can unfortunately not be attained; minuteness of detail, on the other hand, in accounts of things and proceedings hidden in the darkness of dungeons and torture-chambers, of Siberian recesses, hyperborean wastes, and penal hulks; unquestioning reliance on the clandestine communications and vague recollections of conspirators and victims, whose scraps of political martyrology are here reshaped and spun out in the style of a novel—these are the features of the book which weaken our estimate of the author's fidelity to historical truth. But, as on the former occasion, we detect "nothing that is much worse"—no intentional perversion of facts, no malicious invention, no inclination to reproduce shocking gossip, no vindictive assaults on individuals. "Stepniak" detests all official Russia alike, and paints everything that partakes of it equally black. He knows no exceptions, no extenuating circumstances. His retrospect over and beyond the whole Romanoff period is as distressingly dismal as his picture of the present. Only in centuries long gone by does he find in Russian history or legend a happy popular life and communal freedom. Of mediæval Novgorod and similar communities, with their supreme *vetches* (popular assemblies) and subordinate princelings, he talks with uncritical fondness. That, he thinks, was Russia indeed—as the freedom-loving nature of its people made it. Czarism, as ultimately developed, is a terrible incident and anomaly, "imposed on the nation by outward and accidental causes." Among these he seems to reckon "the clergy, whose bigotry was only exceeded by their ignorance, . . . soiling all they touched, and petrifying everything they pretended to bless"; a nobility that could tolerate all the butcheries and infamies of an Ivan IV.—all his unparalleled "orgies of cruelty, murder, and lust," which "went on for forty years without surcease"—without raising "a single hand . . . either to hinder or avenge"; the absence of a middle class, and the boundless ignorance and superstition of the masses of the people. Add Nihilism, and Russia has in our day reached a stage of helplessness under Czarish repression of which blood-curdling narratives without number can be written without appearing fabulous, and which to a degree justifies outbursts of despondency like the following:

"The despotism of Nicholas crushed full-grown men. The despotism of the two Alexanders did not give them time to grow up. They threw themselves on immature generations, on the grass hardly out of the ground, to devour it all in its tenderness. To what other cause can we look for the desperate sterility of modern Russia in every branch of intellectual work? Our contemporary literature, it is true, boasts of great writers. . . . But these are all men whose active work dates from the period of 1840. . . . The new generation produces nothing, absolutely nothing. Despotism has stricken with sterility the high hopes to which the splendid awakening of the first half of the century gave birth. Mediocrity reigns supreme. We have not a single genius. . . . As it is in letters, so it is in public life. All the leaders of our Zemstvo, modest as are their functions, belong to an older generation. The living forces of later generations have been buried by the Government in Siberian snows and Esquimaux villages. It is worse than the pest. The pest comes and goes; the Government has oppressed the country for twenty years, and may go on oppressing it for who knows how

many years longer. The pest kills indiscriminately, but the present régime chooses its victims from the flower of the nation, taking all on whom depend its future and its glory. It is not a political party whom they crush, it is a nation of a hundred millions whom they stifle."

Literary Landmarks of London. By Laurence Hutton. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1885.

THIS is a work unlike, so far as we know, any other that has ever been written, and its production is a striking proof of the ever increasing interest that is felt in the commonest details of the lives of illustrious men. It is an effort to fix, with the utmost possible precision, the site of the dwellings in London which have been inhabited by English authors during their residence in that city, or at which they have stayed while making there a temporary sojourn. The names are put down in alphabetical order, the list beginning with Addison and ending with Wycherley. Under each his London residence is given, and its number and condition now; or, if it has disappeared, what has taken its place.

The excellence of such a work as this depends of course mainly upon its completeness and accuracy. The difficulty of securing these cannot well be overestimated. Many of the houses have been pulled down and other buildings put up in their stead. Some streets have been swept away by the ravages of fire or the more dreadful ravages of improvement. Others have changed their names, others still their numbers. This last constitutes the most formidable difficulty in the way of exact identification. "It is easier to-day," writes Mr. Hutton, with some justifiable asperity, "to discover the house of a man who died two hundred years ago, before streets were numbered at all, than to identify the houses of men who have died within a few years, and since the mania for changing the names and numbers of streets began."

He would be a venturesome critic who, on this side of the Atlantic, should dare dispute an author's statement of facts which have been largely made from personal examination of the places described. The work, indeed, bears throughout abundant evidences of the most conscientious and painstaking labor. Wherever we have been able to test its accuracy on the matters which it professes to treat, it has invariably stood the trial, and it is crowded full of details which will be new to all students interested in the homes and haunts of great men. One or two slight errors we have noted, but as they are not connected with the matter of residence it is unnecessary to mention them. The work will be an invaluable one to all those who visit the English metropolis, and seek to find there the spots which are associated in their minds with the memories of the great writers of our tongue.

Every-Day Life and Every-Day Morals. By George Leonard Chaney. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1885.

THE papers which make up this volume were read last winter, the author tells us, on Sunday evenings, in the Church of Our Father, in Atlanta, Ga. They had their origin in a local difficulty (we believe that since the South was opened to communication with the rest of the world there have been a good many such) over some publicly-exposed pictures, which, as Mr. Chaney says, were considered by some excellent people to be "more injurious to the people's morals than helpful to the people's taste." What these pictures were is not stated, but the consideration of the relation of art to morals led naturally to the consideration of the relations of trade, the press, the stage, the pulpit respectively to morals; and discourses on these topics "fol-

lowed as quickly as a flock of birds settles where one has alighted."

Mr. Chaney's discourses are, like most clerical work of the sort, full of a rhetoric abounding in illustration, trope, and metaphor, used, if we may say so, somewhat too expansively. For instance, to illustrate the truth that "what we see depends on what we are," he first says, "Take the Washington Elm at Cambridge," and then shows what different things the patriot, the antiquarian, the artist, the naturalist, the traveller, the woodman, the butcher, the bird, the cattle, the insects, and the "visiting stranger" see in it. Not content, however, with this, he passes on to consider the similitude between the "heart of man" and a mirror. Let the surface of it, he says, be only a little out of level, or broken by cracks or flaws, and straightway its reflection will be distorted or broken. "A swelling convex surface will make the most beautiful face monstrous. Contrariwise, a retreating concave surface will make the same face petty and ridiculous."

The love of illustration occasionally leads even the best men into error, and, on the whole, it is rather surprising that Mr. Chaney should not, with his exuberant imagination, have more often been led astray. He seldom really wanders from the paths of common sense, but the discourse on "The Stage and Morals" seems to need some revision. "The first actor," says this preacher, "was Satan"—a belief which he rests, not, as some old staggers might, on the general badness of acting at the present day, but simply on the fact that Satan "played the part of the serpent in the Garden of Eden." But this really is a confusion of the boundaries of art and morals against which we must protest. If Satan had given out that at a certain time he would appear in his celebrated rôle of a "practicable" serpent in the garden, his behavior would have been that of an actor; but he did nothing of the kind, and to saddle the stage with the father of evil is not fair. This was a case of wilful and deliberate deception, and has always been treated as such by writers down to Mr. Chaney. The stage he does not quite understand, and he is by no means accurate in describing the plots of "Camille" and "Frou-Frou," neither of which plays he admires.

From Home to Home. Autumn Wanderings in the Northwest in the years 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884. By Alexander Staveley Hill, D. C. L., Q. C., M. P. Orange Judd Co. 1885.

It was only ten years ago that Captain Butler was describing the country along the Saskatchewan and Assiniboine Rivers and their tributaries as the "Great Lone Land" and the "Wild North Land," through which he travelled with dog sledges, and of which he gave us descriptions as of an uninhabited *terra incognita*. To-day Mr. Staveley Hill runs over from England for his autumn vacations, travels by rail almost to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and then drives about in a wagon, picking out the best ground for a cattle range. Nothing could more strikingly illustrate the progress of the country in this short decade. Butler was nothing if not an explorer, and his books aimed above all to be records of adventure and hardship. Staveley Hill, in four journeys, had no adventure more remarkable than once losing his way in a snow storm; and only once did he see a few retreating buffaloes, sole survivors, apparently, of the mighty herds which in Butler's time blackened the earth as far as the eye could reach. The picturesque features of northwestern travel may therefore be said to have disappeared. It is a pity that Mr. Staveley Hill does not recognize this fact, and spare us the endless pages of tame inci-

dents of his quite uneventful trips—how the whippletrees of his wagon broke; how he caught sight of a wolf, or a deer, or an antelope, and, after a long tramp, returned to camp without getting a shot; how his buggy nearly upset in fording a stream, and so on. In place of this we should like to hear how the emigrants are getting on in their new homes, what the character of the land is, what his views are concerning irrigation and tree planting, and other problems of prairie cultivation. What he has to say on these subjects is very interesting, but makes only a small portion of his book.

His opinion is, that the boom of 1881-'82, followed by the bad harvest of 1883 and the succeeding commercial depression, were very nearly fatal to Manitoba. While its soil is fertile and is offered by the Dominion Government to the settler on equitable terms, yet a certain amount of capital and a great deal of hard work are necessary to insure success to the farmer. For cattle raising he thinks the hills along the base of the mountains, where the cattle can obtain shelter from the blizzards of winter, are well adapted; and he gives a decided preference to the Canadian system of leasing large tracts for cattle ranges, over the American system of "free ranging," which "is producing ruinous consequences in Montana and the other grazing Territories and States of the Union." He gives an entertaining account of the cowboys, and of the annual "round-up" of the cattle; and he makes some very amusing blunders, as in saying that the Falls of St. Anthony are "better known to readers of Longfellow as the Minnehaha"; that Chief Joseph and the Nez-Perces fought in 1878 against "Captain Howard"; and that at an early date the run on the railroad from Winnipeg to Calgary (840 miles) will be made "between sunrise and sunset."

Dictionnaire Historique et Pittoresque du Théâtre et des Arts qui s'y rattachent. Par Arthur Pougin. Paris: Firmin-Didot; New York: F. W. Christern. 1885. 4to, pp. xv.-775.

M. POUGIN takes up alphabetically all the technical words of the theatre, and explains them at length with the aid of cuts and diagrams. He describes historically all the institutions of the French stage—the Opéra, the Opéra-Comique, the Comédie-Française, the Conservatoire, and their fellows. The organization and technology of the drama of the Greeks and Romans, and of their sports of the arena, and public shows in general, are considered in detail. Under the appropriate heads—"Bateleur," "Clercs de la Bazoche," "Hotel de Bourgogne," "Jongleurs," etc.—are traced the growth and gradual development of the theatre in France. Special attention is given to books about the stage and to the bibliography of dramatic music. M. Pougin abounds in neatly told anecdotes of theatrical life. He dwells upon stage-devices of all kinds and on the details of costuming, scene-painting, stage-machinery, and stage-management. Much space is devoted to a consideration of the collateral side of show-life—to the circus, the menagerie, puppet-shows, ballet-dancing, public processions, cavalcades, and the like. The accumulation of all these subjects into one volume, not unduly cumbersome, is a boon to the student of the stage.

This dictionary, nevertheless, is not without its defects. Its chief limitation—that it is calculated too exclusively for the meridian of Paris—is common to French books of reference. We must next complain of the illustrations. Though these are fine and very numerous, only a few have been made for the present work, and they are often forced into the text. For example, the dictionary does not give any biographies, and yet portraits

of renowned actors and actresses are included by means of all sorts of transparent devices. A nine-line paragraph, setting forth that formerly the first tragic actress was entitled to play all queens, is adorned with a half-page portrait of Mlle. Duchesnois as *Mary Queen of Scots*. Moreover, the artistic quality of the borrowed portraits, mainly well-engraved woodcuts, is unfortunately far higher than that of the illustrations which have been prepared specially for this book, most of which are vague and ill-drawn process-blocks. Exceptionally commendable is a series showing all the separate pieces of scenery used at the Paris Opéra in setting the second act of "Hamlet," followed by a view of the scene as it is set, uniting all these separate pieces and giving any one unfamiliar with the pleasant country behind the scenes, a very good idea of the means of producing a given scenic effect and of the care and elaboration it requires. Among the more amusing illustrations are those reproducing the advertising posters.

In defining two English words, *burlesque* and *clown*, Mr. Pougin apparently confounds the former with the English Christmas pantomime, and gives to the latter the usual French significance of acrobat. For the curious in such things one may draw attention to the ballet-score (p. 167), where the steps of the ballet-dancer are set down in detail, according to a chorographic alphabet given in full.

The Dictionary of English History. Edited by Sidney J. Low, B.A., Lecturer on Modern History in King's College, London; and F. S. Pulling, M.A., late Professor of History in Yorkshire College, Leeds. Cassell & Co.

THIS volume will undoubtedly be a favorite with historical students. Its aim is to supply, for the ordinary reader of English history, the place of the gazetteer, the dictionary of biography, the law dictionary, and the other books of ready reference that have hitherto been necessary. It is, therefore, highly miscellaneous in character. But the topics are so well selected, and the articles so clear and compact, that the student who keeps the work at his elbow will seldom fail of finding in it help sufficient for his need. Of course it would be idle to expect in one volume an account of every person, every institution, and every event mentioned in English history—together with explanations of all legal and constitutional terms. Many things had to be omitted. In deciding what to insert and what to omit, the editors kept solely in view the probable needs of modern readers—an arbitrary rule, no doubt, but the only one possible in the case. Many matters not thought worthy of separate articles are incidentally treated under other heads. A very fair index of reference for these matters makes it possible to find them readily. Experience will no doubt reveal omissions that had better not have been made. On finer points, and for rare terms, it will always be necessary to consult the larger or special works. But we see no reason why any technical term or the name of any institution mentioned in Hallam should be omitted from a dictionary intended for the general reader. A few—fortunately only a few—are omitted. Also we must regret that no attempt has been made to indicate the pronunciation of proper names, at least in those cases (so unhappily numerous in England) where the spelling is apt to mislead the unwary.

A valuable feature of the work is a very comprehensive list of authorities, contemporary and modern, for each period of British history. In addition to this general list the most important authorities for each topic are named at the end of each article. Lists (with dates) are given of the Archbishops and Lord Chancellors; also a

convenient table of the regnal years of the Kings of England, beginning with William the Conqueror. The work as a whole is characterized by great accuracy.

Selections from Berkeley. By Alexander Campbell Fraser. [Clarendon Press Series.] Oxford.

THESE selections have been prepared for the use of students in the English universities, but there is no reason why they should not be used by many others who are in want of an intellectual gymnastic. There is an admirable introduction which rapidly but successfully sums up the history of philosophy from Bacon to Locke, sets forth the relation of Locke to Berkeley and of both to Hume. There are also many useful notes. The selections are in three principal sets, the first upon "Matter Necessarily Dependent on Mind," the second upon "Visual Phenomena Significant of Mind," and the third upon "The Universe and the Universal Mind." One does not have to read very far into the first series of selections to appreciate how little Dr. Johnson,

when he stubbed his toe by way of refuting Berkeley's theory of matter, hurt anything but his toe, or how inevitable it was that Professor Huxley should say that between the idealism of Berkeley and the materialism of Büchner he should be obliged to choose the former. Indeed, the later manifestations of both philosophy and science have gone far in the direction of Berkeley, though they have inclined to posit "a sort of a something" as the basis of our apprehension of the external world. The old answer to the question, "What is matter?" "Never mind," receives but little confirmation from our later thought. But the thought of Berkeley has an interest apart from its relation to our present speculation. There is a vigor in it which makes it bracing to the reader's mind, and an exaltation that is purifying to the imagination and the heart.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Elliott, F. M. History of Omega Chapter, and Reminiscences of Northwestern. Chicago: 1885.
Farrer, J. A. Military Manners and Customs. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.

Gillmore, Prof. J. H. The Intermediate Speaker. Baker & Taylor. 75 cents.
Gillmore, Prof. J. H. The Primary School Speaker. Baker & Taylor. 50 cents.
Hartmann, E. von. Philosophische Fragen der Gegenwart. B. Westermann & Co. \$2.20.
Hosmer, Prof. J. K. Samuel Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
Hutton, L. Literary Landmarks of London. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.
Holland, R. A. Glossary of Words used in the County of Chester (Eng.). Part I. A to F. London: Trübner & Co.
Jenkins, E. A Week of Passion. A Novel. Harper's Franklin Square Library. 20 cents.
Kedney, Prof. J. S. Hegel's Aesthetics. A Critical Exposition. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. \$1.25.
Lawson, E. Upon Severn Words and Phrases. London: Trübner & Co.
Leslie, Emma. At the Sign of the Blue Bear. Phillips & Hunt. \$1.
Lindorne, Dr. C. A. F. Intoxicants and Narcotics: Their Relation to the Mental Life. Fort Reed, Florida.
Marvin, C. The Russians at the Gates of Herat. Harper's Franklin Square Library. Illustrated. 20 cents.
Mercer, H. C. The Lenape Stone, or, The Indian and the Mammoth. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
Morley, J. La Vie de Richard Cobden. Traduit par Sophie Raffalovich. Paris: Guillaumin et Co.
Nedde, Dr. C. A. The Canoe Ascora; a Cruise from the Adirondacks to the Gulf. Forest & Stream Publication Co.
Norris, W. E. That Terrible Man. Harper's Handy Series. 25 cents.
Olmstead, D. H. The Protestant Faith, or Salvation by Belief. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 50 cents.
Parkhurst, Dr. C. H. The Pattern in the Mount, and Other Sermons. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Perry, Bishop W. S. The History of the American Episcopal Church, 1587-1885. Vol. II. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

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